

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA

OR

Positivism on an Island

BY

W. H. MALLOCK

AUTHOR OF 'THE NEW REPUBLIC' ETC.



*'Pessimism as to the essential dignity of man is one of the surest
marks of the enervating influence of this dream of a celestial glory'*

Mr Frederic Harrison

London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1878

[The right of translation is reserved]

'Those who can read the signs of the times read in them
that the kingdom of man is at hand'—Professor CLIFFORD

Thou art smitten, O God, thou art smitten; thy curse is
upon thee, O Lord!

And the love song of earth as thou diest, resounds through
the wind of its wings,

Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of
things

Songs before Sunrise

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.		1
"	II.	5
"	III.	13
"	IV.	21
"	V.	28
"	VI.	39
"	VII.	48
"	VIII.	52
"	IX.	62
"	X.	66
"	XI.	73
"	XII.	80
"	XIII.	85

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIV.	93
" XV.	100
" XVI.	108
" XVII.	116
" XVIII.	123
NOTES	135



THE
NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE magnificent ocean-steamer
the *Australasian* was bound
for England, on her homeward
voyage from Melbourne, carrying Her
Majesty's mails and ninety-eight first-
class passengers. Never did vessel start
under happier auspices. The skies were
cloudless; the sea was smooth as glass.
There was not a sound of sickness to

be heard anywhere; and when dinner time came there was not a single absentee nor an appetite wanting.

But the passengers soon discovered they were lucky in more than weather. Dinner was hardly half over before two of the company had begun to attract general attention; and every one all round the table was wondering, in whispers, who they could possibly be.

One of the objects of this delightful curiosity was a large-boned, middle-aged man, with gleaming spectacles, and lank, untidy hair; whose coat fitted him so ill, and who held his head so high, that one saw at a glance he was some great celebrity. The other was a beautiful lady

of about thirty years of age, the like of whom nobody present had ever seen before. She had the fairest hair and the darkest eyebrows, the largest eyes and the smallest waist conceivable; art and nature had been plainly struggling as to which should do the most for her; whilst her bearing was so haughty and distinguished, her glance so tender, and her dress so expensive and so fascinating, that she seemed at the same time to defy and to court attention.

Evening fell on the ship with a soft warm witchery. The air grew purple, and the waves began to glitter in the moonlight. The passengers gathered in knots upon the deck, and the distin-

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

guished strangers were still the subject of conjecture. At last the secret was discovered by the wife of an old colonial judge ; and the news spread like wildfire. In a few minutes all knew that there were on board the *Australasian* no less personages than Professor Paul Darnley and the superb Virginia St. John.





CHAPTER II.

MISS ST. JOHN had, for at least six years, been the most renowned woman in Europe.

In Paris and St. Petersburg, no less than in London, her name was equally familiar both to princes and to pot-boys ; indeed, the gaze of all the world was fixed on her. Yet, in spite of this exposed situation, scandal had proved powerless to wrong her ; she defied detraction. Her enemies could but echo her friends' praise

of her beauty; her friends could but confirm her enemies' description of her character. Though of birth that might almost be called humble, she had been connected with the heads of many distinguished families; and so general was the affection she inspired, and so winning the ways in which she contrived to retain it, that she found herself, at the age of thirty, mistress of nothing except a large fortune. She was now converted with surprising rapidity by a Ritualistic priest, and she became in a few months a model of piety and devotion. She made lace trimmings for the curate's vestments; she bowed at church as often and profoundly as possible; she enjoyed nothing

so much as going to confession; she learnt to despise the world. Indeed, such utter dross did her riches now seem to her, that, despite all the arguments of her ghostly counsellor, she remained convinced that they were far too worthless to offer to the Church, and she saw nothing for it but to still keep them for herself. The mingled humility and discretion of this resolve so won the heart of a gifted colonial bishop, then on a visit to England, that, having first assured himself that Miss St. John was sincere in making it, he besought her to share with him his humble mitre, and make him the happiest prelate in the whole Catholic Church. Miss St. John consented. The

nuptials were celebrated with the most elaborate ritual, and after a short honeymoon the bishop departed for his South Pacific diocese of the Chasuble Islands, to prepare a home for his bride, who was to follow him by the next steamer.

Professor Paul Darnley, in his own walk of life, was even more famous than Virginia had been in hers. He had written three volumes on the origin of life, which he had spent seven years in looking for in infusions of hay and cheese; he had written five volumes on the entozoa of the pig, and two volumes of lectures, as a corollary to these, on the sublimity of human heroism and the whole duty of man. He was renowned

all over Europe and America as a complete embodiment of enlightened modern thought. He criticised everything; he took nothing on trust, except the unspeakable sublimity of the human race and its august terrestrial destinies. And, in his double capacity of a seer and a *savant*, he had destroyed all that the world had believed in the past, and revealed to it all that it is going to feel in the future. His mind indeed was like a sea, into which the other great minds of the age discharged themselves, and in which all the slight discrepancies of the philosophy of the present century mingled together and formed one harmonious whole. Nor was he less successful in his own private life. He

married, at the age of forty, an excellent evangelical lady, ten years his senior, who wore a green gown, grey corkscrew curls, and who had a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. Deeply pledged though she was to the most vapid figments of Christianity, Mrs. Darnley was yet proud beyond measure of her husband's world-wide fame, for she did but imperfectly understand the grounds of it. Indeed, the only thing that marred her happiness was the single tenet of his that she had really mastered. This, unluckily, was that he disbelieved in hell. And so, as Mrs. Darnley conceived that that place was designed mainly to hold those who doubted its existence, she daily talked her utmost,

and left no text unturned to convince her darling of his very dangerous error. These assiduous arguments soon began to tell. The Professor grew moody and brooding, and he at last suggested to his medical man that a voyage round the world, unaccompanied by his wife, was the prescription most needed by his failing patience. Mrs. Darnley at length consented with a fairly good grace. She made her husband pledge himself that he would not be absent for above a twelvemonth, or else, she said, she should immediately come after him. She bade him the tenderest of adieus, and promised to pray till his return for his recovery of a faith in hell.

The Professor, who had but exceeded his time by six months, was now on board the *Australasian*, homeward bound to his wife. Virginia was outward bound to her husband.





CHAPTER. III.

THE sensation created by the presence of these two celebrities was profound beyond description; and the passengers were never weary of watching the gleaming spectacles and the square-toed boots of the one, and the liquid eyes and the ravishing toilettes of the other. Virginia's acquaintance was made almost instantly by three pale-faced curates, and so well did their friendship prosper, that they soon sang

at nightfall with her a beautiful vesper hymn. Nor did the matter end here, for the strains sounded so lovely, and Virginia looked so devotional, that most of the passengers the night after joined in a repetition of this touching evening office.

The Professor, as was natural, held quite aloof, and pondered over a new species of bug, which he had found very plentiful in his berth. But it soon occurred to him that he often heard the name of God being uttered otherwise than in swearing. He listened more attentively to the sounds which he had at first set down as negro-melodies, and he soon became convinced that they were something whose very

existence he despised himself for remembering—namely, Christian hymns. He then thought of the three curates, whose existence he despised himself for remembering also. And the conviction rapidly dawned on him that, though the passengers seemed fully alive to his fame as a man of science, they could yet know very little of all that science had done for them; and of the death-blow it had given to the foul superstitions of the past. He therefore resolved that next day he would preach them a lay-sermon.

At the appointed time the passengers gathered eagerly round him—all but Virginia, who retired to her cabin

when she saw that the preacher wore no surplice, as she thought it would be a mortal sin to listen to a sermon without one.

The Professor began amidst a profound silence. He first proclaimed to his hearers the great primary axiom on which all modern thought bases itself. He told them that there was but one order of things—it was so much neater than two; and if we would be certain of anything, we must never doubt this. Thus, since countless things exist that the senses *can* take account of, it is evident that nothing exists that the senses can *not* take account of. The senses can take no account of God; therefore God does

not exist. Men of science can only see theology in a ridiculous light, therefore theology has no side that is not ridiculous. He then told them a few of the names that enlightened thinkers had applied to the Christian deity—how Professor Tyndall had called him an ‘atom-manufacturer,’ and Professor Huxley a ‘pedantic drill-sergeant.’ The passengers at once saw how demonstrably at variance with fact was all religion, and they laughed with a sense of humour that was quite new to them. The Professor’s tones then became more solemn, and, having extinguished error, he at once went on to unveil the brilliant light of truth. He showed them how, viewed by modern

science, all existence is a chain, with a gas at one end and no one knows what at the other; and how Humanity is a link somewhere; but—holy and awful thought!—we can none of us tell where. ‘However,’ he proceeded, ‘of one thing we can be quite certain: all that is, is matter; the laws of matter are eternal, and we cannot act or think without conforming to them; and if,’ he said, ‘we would be solemn and high, and happy, and heroic, and saintly, we have but to strive and struggle to do what we cannot for an instant avoid doing. Yes,’ he exclaimed, ‘as the sublime Tyndall tells us, let us struggle to attain to a deeper knowledge of matter,

and a more faithful conformity to its laws !'

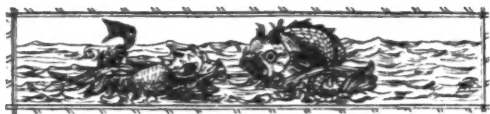
The Professor would have proceeded, but the weather had been rapidly growing rough, and he here became violently sea-sick.

'Let us,' he exclaimed hurriedly, 'conform to the laws of matter and go below.'

Nor was the advice premature. A storm arose, exceptional in its suddenness and its fury. It raged for two days without ceasing. The *Australasian* sprang a leak ; her steering gear was disabled ; and it was feared she would go ashore on an island that was seen dimly through the fog to the leeward. The

boats were got in readiness. A quantity of provisions and of the passengers' baggage was already stowed in the cutter; when the clouds parted, the sun came out again, and the storm subsided almost as quickly as it rose.





CHAPTER IV.

NO sooner were the ship's damages in a fair way to be repaired than the Professor resumed his sermon. He climbed into the cutter, which was still full of the passengers' baggage, and sat down on the largest of Virginia's boxes. This so alarmed Virginia that she incontinently followed the Professor into the cutter, to keep an eye on her property; but she did not forget to stop her ears with her fingers,

that she might not be guilty of listening to an unsurpliced minister.

The Professor took up the thread of his discourse just where he had broken it off. Every circumstance favoured him. The calm sea was sparkling under the gentlest breeze; all Nature seemed suffused with gladness; and at two miles' distance was an enchanting island, green with every kind of foliage, and glowing with the hues of a thousand flowers. The Professor, having reminded his hearers of what nonsense they now thought all the Christian teachings, went on to show them the blessed results of this. Since the God that we once called all-holy

is a fable, that Humanity is all-holy must be a fact. Since we shall never be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy hereafter, it is evident that we can be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy here. 'This,' said the Professor, 'is the new Gospel. It is founded on exact thought. It is the Gospel of the kingdom of man; and had I only here a microscope and a few chemicals, I could demonstrate its eternal truth to you. There is no heaven to seek for; there is no hell to shun. We have nothing to strive and live for except to be unspeakably happy.'

This eloquence was received with enthusiasm. The captain in particular,

who had a wife in every port he touched at, was overjoyed at hearing that there was no hell; and he sent for all the crew, that they might learn the good news likewise. But soon the general gladness was marred by a sound of weeping. Three-fourths of the passengers, having had time to reflect a little, began exclaiming that as a matter of fact they were really completely miserable, and that for various reasons they could never be anything else. 'My friends,' said the Professor, quite undaunted, 'that is doubtless completely true. You are not happy now; you probably never will be. But that, I can assure you, is of very little moment. Only conform faith-

fully to the laws of matter, and your children's children will be happy in the course of a few centuries; and you will like that far, far better than being happy yourselves. Only consider the matter in this light, and you yourselves will in an instant become happy also; and whatever you say, and whatever you do, think only of the effect it will have five hundred years afterwards.'

At these solemn words, the anxious faces grew calm. An awful sense of the responsibility of each one of us, and the infinite consequences of every human act, was filling the hearts of all; when by a faithful conformity to the laws of matter, the boiler blew up,

and the *Australasian* went down. In an instant the air was rent with yells and cries; and all the Humanity that was on board the vessel was busy, as the Professor expressed it, uniting itself with the infinite azure of the past. Paul and Virginia, however, floated quietly away in the cutter, together with the baggage and provisions.

Virginia was made almost senseless by the suddenness of the catastrophe; and on seeing five sailors sink within three yards of her, she fainted dead away. The Professor begged her not to take it so much to heart, as these were the very men who had got the cutter in readiness; 'and they are, therefore,' he

said, 'still really alive in the fact of our happy escape.' Virginia, however, being quite insensible, the Professor turned to the last human being still to be seen above the waters, and shouted to him not to be afraid of death, as there was certainly no hell, and that his life, no matter how degraded and miserable, had been a glorious mystery, full of infinite significance. The next moment the struggler was snapped up by a shark. Our friends, meanwhile, borne by a current, had been drifting rapidly towards the island. And the Professor, spreading to the breeze Virginia's beautiful lace parasol, soon brought the cutter to the shore on a beach of the softest sand.



CHAPTER V.

THE scene that met Paul's eyes was one of extreme loveliness. He found himself in a little fairy bay, full of translucent waters, and fringed with silvery sands. On either side it was protected by fantastic rocks, and in the middle it opened inland to an enchanting valley, where tall tropical trees made a grateful shade, and where the ground was

carpeted with the softest moss and turf.

Paul's first care was for his fair companion. He spread a costly cashmere shawl on the beach, and placed her, still fainting, on this. In a few moments she opened her eyes; but was on the point of fainting again as the horrors of the last half-hour came back to her, when she caught sight in the cutter of the largest of her own boxes, and she began to recover herself. Paul begged her to remain quiet whilst he went to reconnoitre.

He had hardly proceeded twenty yards into the valley, when to his infinite astonishment he came on a charm-

ing cottage, built under the shadow of a bread-tree, with a broad verandah, plate-glass windows, and red window-blinds. His first thought was that this could be no desert island at all, but some happy European settlement. But, on approaching the cottage, it proved to be quite untenanted, and from the cobwebs woven across the doorway it seemed to have been long abandoned. Inside there was abundance of luxurious furniture; the floors were covered with gorgeous Indian carpets; and there was a pantry well stocked with plate and glass and table-linen. The Professor could not tell what to make of it, till, examining the structure more closely, he

found it composed mainly of a ship's timbers. This seemed to tell its own tale, and he at once concluded that he and Virginia were not the first castaways who had been forced to make the island for some time their dwelling-place.

Overjoyed at this discovery, he hastened back to Virginia. She was by this time apparently quite recovered, and was kneeling on the cashmere shawl, with a rosary in her hands designed especially for the use of Anglo-Catholics, alternately lifting up her eyes in gratitude to heaven, and casting them down in anguish at her torn and crumpled dress. The poor Professor was horrified at the sight of a human being

in this degrading attitude of superstition. But as Virginia quitted it with alacrity as soon as ever he told his news to her, he hoped he might soon convert her into a sublime and holy Utilitarian.

The first thing she besought him to do was to carry her biggest box to this charming cottage, that she might change her clothes, and appear in something fit to be seen in. The Professor most obligingly at once did as she asked him; and whilst she was busy at her toilette, he got from the cutter what provisions he could, and proceeded to lay the table. When all was ready, he rang a gong which he found suspended in the lobby; Virginia

appeared shortly in a beautiful pink dressing-gown, embroidered with silver flowers; and just before sunset the two sat down to a really excellent meal. The bread-tree at the door of the cottage contributed some beautiful French rolls; close at hand also they discovered a butter-tree; and the Professor had produced from the cutter a variety of salt and potted meats, *pâté de foie gras*, cakes, preserved fruits, and some bottles of fine champagne. This last helped much to raise their spirits. Virginia found it very dry, and exactly suited to her palate. She had but drunk five glasses of it, when her natural smile returned to her, though she was much

disappointed because Paul took no notice of her dressing-gown, and when she had drunk three glasses more she quietly went to sleep on the sofa.

The moon had by this time risen in dazzling splendour, and the Professor went out and lighted a cigar. All during dinner there had been a feeling of dull despair in his heart, which even the champagne did not dissipate. But now, as he surveyed in the moonlight the wondrous Paradise in which his strange fate had cast him, his mood changed. The air was full of the scents of a thousand night-smelling flowers; the sea murmured on the beach in soft, voluptuous cadences. The Professor's

cigar was excellent. He now saw his situation in a truer light. Here was a bountiful island, where earth unbidden brought forth all her choicest fruits, and most of the luxuries of civilisation had already been wafted thither. Existence here seemed to be purified from all its evils. Was not this the very condition of things which all the sublimest and exactest thinkers of modern times had been dreaming and lecturing and writing books about for a good half-century? Here was a place where Humanity could do justice to itself, and realise those glorious destinies which all exact thinkers take for granted must be in store for it. True, from the mass of Humanity he was

completely cut away; but Virginia was his companion. Holiness, and solemnity, and unspeakably significant happiness did not, he argued, depend on the multiplication table. He and Virginia represented Humanity as well as a million couples. They were a complete humanity in themselves, and humanity in a perfectible shape; and the very next day they would make preparations for fulfilling their holy destiny, and being as solemnly and unspeakably happy as it was their stern duty to be.

The Professor turned his eyes upwards to the starry heavens, and a sense came over him of the eternity and the immensity of Nature, and the de-

monstrable absence of any intelligence that guided it. These reflections naturally brought home to him with more vividness the stupendous and boundless importance of Man. His bosom swelled violently, and he cried aloud, his eyes still fixed on the firmament, 'Oh, important All! oh, important Me!'

When he came back to the cottage he found Virginia just getting off the sofa, and preparing to go to bed. She was too sleepy even to say good-night to him, and with evident want of temper was tugging at the buttons of her dressing-gown. 'Ah!' she murmured as she left the room, 'if God, in His infinite mercy, had only spared my maid!'

Virginia's evident discontent gave profound pain to Paul. 'How solemn,' he exclaimed, 'for half Humanity to be discontented!' But he was still more disturbed at the appeal to a chimerical manufacturer of atoms; and he groaned in tones of yet more sonorous sorrow, 'How solemn for half Humanity to be sunk lower than the beasts by superstition!'

However, he hoped that these stupendous evils might, under the present favourable conditions, vanish in the course of a few days' progress; and he went to bed, full of august auguries.



CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning he was up be-
times; and the prospects of
Humanity looked more glo-
rious than ever. He gathered some of
the finest pats from the butter-tree, and
some fresh French rolls from the bread-
tree. He discovered a cow close at hand,
that allowed him at once to milk it;
and a little roast pig ran up to him out
of the underwood, and fawning on him
with its trotters, said, 'Come, eat me.'

The Professor vivisected it before Virginia's door, that its automatic noise, which the vulgar call cries of pain, might awaken her; and he then set it in a hot dish on the table.

'It has come! it has come!' he shouted, rapturously, as Virginia entered the room, this time in a blue silk dressing-gown, embroidered with flowers of gold.

'What has come?' said Virginia, pettishly, for she was suffering from a terrible headache, and the Professor's loud voice annoyed her. 'You don't mean to say that we are rescued, are we?'

'Yes,' answered Paul, solemnly; 'we are rescued. We are rescued from all the pains and imperfections of a world

that has not learnt how to conform to the laws of matter, and is but imperfectly acquainted with the science of sociology. It is therefore inevitable that, the evils of existence being thus removed, we shall both be solemnly, stupendously, and unspeakably happy.'

'Nonsense!' said Virginia, snappishly, who thought the Professor was joking.

'It is not nonsense,' said the Professor. 'It is deducible from the teachings of John Stuart Mill, of Auguste Comte, of Mr. Frederic Harrison, and of all the exact thinkers who have cast off superstition, and who adore Humanity.'

Virginia meanwhile ate *pâté de foie gras*, of which she was passionately fond;

and, growing a little less sullen, she at last admitted that they were lucky in having at least the necessaries of life left to them. 'But as for happiness—there is nothing to do here, there is no church to go to, and you don't seem to care a bit for my dressing-gown. What have we got to make us happy?'

'Humanity,' replied the Professor eagerly,—'Humanity, that divine entity, which is necessarily capable of everything that is fine and invaluable, and is the object of indescribable emotion to all exact thinkers. And what is Humanity?' he went on more earnestly; 'you and I are Humanity—you and I are that august existence. You already are all the world

to me ; and I very soon shall be all the world to you. Adored being, it will be my mission and my glory to compel you to live for me. And then, as modern philosophy can demonstrate, we shall both of us be significantly and unspeakably happy.'

For a few moments Virginia merely stared at Paul. Suddenly she turned quite pale, her lips quivered, and exclaiming, 'How dare you!—and I, too, the wife of a bishop!' she left the room in hysterics.

The Professor could make nothing of this. Though he had dissected many dead women, he knew very little of the hearts of live ones. A sense of shyness

overpowered him, and he felt embarrassed, he could not tell why, at being thus left alone with Virginia. He lit a cigar and went out. Here was a to-do indeed, he thought. How would progress be possible if one half of Humanity misunderstood the other?

He was thus musing, when suddenly a voice startled him; and in another moment a man came rushing up to him, with every demonstration of joy.

'Oh, my dear master! oh, emancipator of the human intellect! and is it indeed you? Thank God!—I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy—I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control.'

It was one of the three curates, whom Paul had supposed drowned, but who now related how he had managed to swim ashore, despite the extreme length of his black clerical coat. 'These rags of superstition,' he said, 'did their best to drown me. But I survive in spite of them, to covet truth and to reject error. Thanks to your glorious teaching,' he went on, looking reverentially into the Professor's face, 'the very notion of an Almighty Father makes me laugh consumedly, it is so absurd and so immoral. Science, through your instrumentality, has opened my eyes. I am now an exact thinker.'

'Do you believe,' said Paul, 'in solemn,

significant, and unspeakably happy Humanity?’

‘I do,’ said the curate, fervently. ‘Whenever I think of Humanity, I groan and moan to myself out of sheer solemnity.’

‘Then two thirds of Humanity,’ said the Professor, ‘are thoroughly enlightened. Progress will now go on smoothly.’

At this moment Virginia came out, having rapidly recovered composure at the sound of a new man’s voice.

‘You here—you, too!’ exclaimed the curate. ‘How solemn, how significant! This is truly Providential—I mean this has truly happened through conformity to the laws of matter.’

‘Well,’ said Virginia, ‘since we have a clergyman amongst us, we shall perhaps be able to get on.’





CHAPTER VII.

THINGS now took a better turn. The Professor ceased to feel shy; and proposed, when the curate had finished an enormous breakfast, that they should go down to the cutter, and bring up the things in it to the cottage. 'A few hours' steady progress,' he said, 'and the human race will command all the luxuries of civilisation—the glorious fruits of centuries of onward labour.'

The three spent a very busy morning in examining and unpacking the luggage. The Professor found his favourite collection of modern philosophers; Virginia found a large box of knick-knacks, with which to adorn the cottage; and there was, too, an immense store of wine and of choice provisions.

‘It is rather sad,’ sighed Virginia, as she dived into a box of French chocolate-creams, ‘to think that all the poor people are drowned that these things belonged to.’

‘They are not dead,’ said the Professor: ‘they still live on this holy and stupendous earth. They live in the use we are making of all they had got

together. The owner of those chocolate-creams is immortal because you are eating them.'

Virginia licked her lips and said, 'Nonsense!'

'It is not nonsense,' said the Professor. 'It is the religion of Humanity.'

All day they were busy, and the time passed pleasantly enough. Wines, provisions, books, and china ornaments were carried up to the cottage and bestowed in proper places. Virginia filled the glasses in the drawing-room with gorgeous leaves and flowers; and declared by the evening, as she looked round her, that she could almost fancy herself in St. John's Wood.

‘See,’ said the Professor, ‘how rapid is the progress of material civilisation! Humanity is now entering on the fruits of ages. Before long it will be in a position to be unspeakably happy.’

Virginia retired to bed early. The Professor took the curate out with him to look at the stars; and promised to lend him some writings of the modern philosophers, which would make him more perfect in the new view of things. They said good-night, murmuring together that there was certainly no God, that Humanity was very important, and that everything was very solemn.



CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning the curate began studying a number of essays that the Professor lent him, all written by exact thinkers, who disbelieved in God, and thought Humanity adorable, and most important. Virginia lay on the sofa, and sighed over one of Miss Broughton's novels; and it occurred to the Professor that the island was just the place where, if anywhere, the missing link might be found.

'Ah!' he exclaimed; 'all is still progress. Material progress came to an end yesterday. Mental progress has begun to-day. One third of Humanity is cultivating sentiment; another third is learning to covet truth. I, the remaining and most enlightened third, will go and seek it. Glorious, solemn Humanity! I will go and look about for its arboreal ancestor.'

Every step the Professor took he found the island more beautiful. But he came back to luncheon, having been unsuccessful in his search. Events had marched quickly in his absence. Virginia was at the beginning of her third volume; and the curate had skimmed

over so many essays, that he professed himself able to give a thorough account of the want of faith that was in him.

After luncheon the three sat together in easy chairs, in the verandah, sometimes talking, sometimes falling into a half-doze. They all agreed that they were wonderfully comfortable, and the Professor said—

‘All Humanity is now at rest, and in utter peace. It is just taking breath, before it becomes unspeakably and significantly happy.’

He would have said more, but he was here startled by a piteous noise of crying, and the three found themselves

confronted by an old woman dripping with sea-water, and with an expression on her face of the utmost misery. They soon recognised her as one of the passengers on the ship. She told them how she had been floated ashore on a spar, and how she had been sustained by a little roast pig, that kindly begged her to eat it, having first lain in her bosom to restore her to warmth. She was now looking for her son.

‘And if I cannot find him,’ said the old woman, ‘I shall never smile again. He has half broken my heart,’ she went on, ‘by his wicked ways. But if I thought he was dead—dead in the midst of his sins—it would be broken alto-

gether; for in that case he must certainly be in hell.'

'Old woman,' said the Professor, very slowly and solemnly, 'be comforted. I announce to you that your son is alive.'

'Oh, bless you, sir, for that word!' cried the old woman. 'But where is he? Have you seen him? Are you sure that he is living?'

'I am sure of it,' said the Professor, 'because enlightened thought shows me that he cannot be anything else. It is true that I saw him sink for a third time in the sea, and that he was then snapped up by a shark. But he is as much alive as ever in his posthumous

activities. He has made you wretched after him; and that is his future life. Become an exact thinker, and you will see that this is so. Old woman,' added the Professor solemnly, 'old woman, listen to me—*You are your son in hell.*'

At this the old woman flew into a terrible rage.

'In hell, sir!' she exclaimed; 'me in hell!—a poor lone woman like me! How dare you!' And she sank back in a chair and fainted.

'Alas!' said the Professor, 'thus is misery again introduced into the world. A fourth part of Humanity is now miserable.'

The curate answered promptly that

if no restoratives were given her, she would probably die in a few minutes. 'And to let her die,' he said, 'is clearly our solemn duty. It will be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

'No,' said the Professor; 'for our sense of pity would then be wounded, and the happiness of all of us would be marred by that.'

'Excuse me,' said the curate; 'but exact thought shows me that pity for others is but the imagining of their misfortune falling on ourselves. Now, we can none of us imagine ourselves exactly in the old woman's case; therefore it is quite impossible that we can pity her.'

‘But,’ said the Professor, ‘such an act would violate our ideas of justice.’

‘You are wrong again,’ said the curate, ‘for exact thought shows me that the love of justice is nothing but the fear of suffering injustice. If we were to kill strong men, we might naturally fear that strong men would kill us. But whatever we do to fainting old women, we cannot expect that fainting old women will do anything to us in return.’

‘Your reasoning cannot be sound,’ said the Professor, ‘for it would lead to the most horrible conclusions. I will solve the difficulty better. I will make the old woman happy, and therefore fit to live. Old woman,’ he exclaimed, ‘let

me beg you to consider this. You are yourself by your own unhappiness expiating your son's sins. Do but think of that, and you will become unspeakably happy.'

Meanwhile, however, the old woman had died. When the Professor discovered this he was somewhat shocked; but at length with a sudden change of countenance, 'We neither of us did it,' he exclaimed; 'her death is no act of ours. It is part of the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness—righteousness, which is, as we all know, but another name for happiness. Let us adore the event with reverence.'

'Yes,' said the curate, 'we are well rid

of her. She was an immoral old woman, for happiness is the test of morality, and she was very unhappy.'

'On the contrary,' said the Professor, 'she was a moral old woman; for she has made us happy by dying so very opportunely. Let us speak well of the dead. Her death has been a holy and a blessed one. She has conformed to the laws of matter. Thus is unhappiness destined to fade out of the world. Quick! let us tie a bag of shot to all the sorrow and evil of Humanity, which, after all, is only a fourth part of it, and let us sink her in the bay close at hand, that she may catch lobsters for us.'



CHAPTER IX.

UT last,' said the Professor, as they began dinner that evening, 'the fulness of time has come. All the evils of Humanity are removed, and progress has come to an end because it can go no further. We have nothing now to do but to be unspeakably and significantly happy.'

The champagne flowed freely. Our friends ate and drank of the best, their spirits rose, and Virginia admitted that

this was really 'jolly.' The sense of the word pleased the Professor, but its sound seemed below the gravity of the occasion; so he begged her to say 'sublime' instead. 'We can make it mean,' he said, 'just the same, but we prefer it for the sake of its associations.'

It soon, however, occurred to him that eating and drinking were hardly delights sufficient to justify the highest state of human emotion, and he began to fear he had been feeling sublime prematurely; but in another moment he recollected he was an altruist, and that the secret of their happiness was not that any one of them was happy, but that they each knew the others were.

‘Yes, my dear curate,’ said the Professor, ‘what I am enjoying is the champagne that you drink, and what you are enjoying is the champagne that I drink. This is altruism; this is benevolence; this is the sublime outcome of enlightened modern thought. The pleasures of the table, in themselves, are low and beastly ones; but if we each of us are only glad because the others are enjoying them, they become holy and glorious beyond description.’

‘They do,’ cried the curate rapturously, ‘indeed they do. I will drink another bottle for your sake. It is sublime!’ he said, as he tossed off three glasses. ‘It is significant!’ he said as

he finished three more. 'Tell me, my dear, do I look significant?' he added, as he turned to Virginia, and suddenly tried to crown the general bliss by kissing her.

Virginia started back, looking fire and fury at him. The Professor was completely astounded by an occurrence so unnatural, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'Morality, sir—remember morality! How dare you upset that which Professor Huxley tells us must be forever strong enough to hold its own?'

But the last glass of champagne had put the curate beyond the reach of exact thought. He tumbled under the table, and the Professor carried him off to bed.



CHAPTER X.

THE Professor, like most serious thinkers, knew but little of that trifle commonly called 'the world.' He had never kissed any one except his wife; even that he did as seldom as possible; and the curate lying dead drunk was the first glimpse he had of what, *par excellence*, is described as 'life.' But though the scene just recounted was thus a terrible shock to him, in one way it gave him an unlooked-for com

fort. He had felt that even yet things were not quite as sublime as they should be. He now saw the reason. 'Of course,' he said, 'existence cannot be perfect so long as one third of Humanity makes a beast of itself. A little more progress must be still necessary.'

He hastened to explain this next morning to Virginia, and begged her not to be alarmed at the curate's scandalous conduct. 'Immorality,' he said, 'is but a want of success in attaining our own happiness. It is evidently most immoral for the curate to be kissing you; and therefore kissing you would not really conduce to his happiness. I will convince him of this solemn truth in a very

few moments. Then the essential dignity of human nature will become at once apparent, and we shall all of us at last begin to be unspeakably happy.'

The curate, however, altogether declined to be convinced. He maintained stoutly that to kiss Virginia would be the greatest pleasure that Humanity could offer him. 'And if it is immoral as well as pleasant,' he added, 'I should like it all the better.'

At this the Professor gave a terrible groan; he dropped almost fainting into a chair; he hid his face in his hands; and murmured half-articulately, 'Then I can't tell what to do!' In another instant, however, he recovered himself; and

fixing a dreadful look on the curate, 'That last statement of yours,' he said, 'cannot be true; for if it were, it would upset all my theories. It is a fact that can be proved and verified, that if you kissed Virginia it would make you miserable.'

'Pardon me,' said the curate, rapidly moving towards her, 'your notion is a remnant of superstition; I will explode it by a practical experiment.'

The Professor caught hold of the curate's coat-tails, and forcibly pulled him back into his seat.

'If you dare attempt it,' he said, 'I will kick you soundly; and, shocking, immoral man! you will feel miserable enough then.'

The curate was a terrible coward, and very weak as well. 'You are a great hulking fellow,' he said, eyeing the Professor; 'and I am of a singularly delicate build. I must, therefore, conform to the laws of matter, and give in.' He said this in a very sulky voice; and, going out of the room, slammed the door after him.

A radiant expression suffused the face of the Professor. 'Sec,' he said to Virginia, 'the curate's conversion is already half accomplished. In a few hours more he will be rational, he will be moral, he will be solemnly and significantly happy.'

The Professor talked like this to Virginia the whole morning; but in spite

of all his arguments, she declined to be comforted. 'It is all very well,' she said, 'whilst you are in the way. But as soon as your back is turned, I know he will be at me again.'

'Will you never,' said Paul, by this time a little irritated, 'will you never listen to exact thought? The curate is now reflecting; and a little reflection must inevitably convince him that he does not really care to kiss you, and that it would give him very little real pleasure to do so.'

'Stuff!' exclaimed Virginia, with a sudden vigour at which the Professor was thunderstruck. 'I can tell you,' she went on, 'that better men than he have

borne kicks for my sake; and to kiss me is the only thing that that little man cares about.—What *shall* I do?' she exclaimed, bursting into tears. 'Here is one of you insulting me by trying to kiss me; and the other insulting me by saying that I am not worth being kissed!'

'Ah, me!' groaned the poor Professor in an agony, 'here is one third of Humanity plunged in sorrow; and another third has not yet freed itself from vice. When, when, I wonder, will the sublimity begin?'





CHAPTER XI.

AT dinner, however, things wore a more promising aspect. The curate had been so terrified by the Professor's threats, that he hardly dared to so much as look at Virginia; and to make up for it, he drank and drank champagne, till the strings of his tongue were loosed, and he was laughing and chattering at a rate that was quite extraordinary. Virginia, seeing herself thus neglected by the curate, began to fear that, as

Paul said, he really did not so much care to kiss her after all. She, therefore, put on all her most enticing ways ; she talked, flirted, and smiled her best, and made her most effective eyes, that the curate might see what a prize was for ever beyond his reach.

This state of affairs seemed full of glorious promise. Virginia's tears were dried, she had never looked so radiant and exquisite before. The curate had foregone every attempt to kiss Virginia, and yet apparently he was happiness itself ; and Paul took him aside, as soon as the meal was over, to congratulate him on the holy state to which exact thought had conducted him. 'You see,'

Paul said, 'what a natural growth the loftiest morality is. Virginia doesn't want to be kissed by you. I should be shocked at your doing so shocking a thing as kissing her. If you kissed her, you would make both of us miserable; and, as a necessary consequence, you would be in an agony likewise; in addition to which, I should inevitably kick you.'

'But,' said the curate, 'suppose I kissed Virginia on the sly,—I merely put this as an hypothesis, remember,—and that in a little while she liked it, what then? She and I would both be happy, and you ought to be happy too, because we were.'

‘Idiot!’ said the Professor. ‘Virginia is another man’s wife. Nobody really likes kissing another man’s wife; nor do wives ever like kissing any one except their husbands. What they really like is what Professor Huxley calls “the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good,” which, as he says, exact thought shows us is the true end of existence. But, pooh! what is the use of all this talking? You know which way your higher nature calls you; and, of course, unless men believe in God, they cannot help obeying their higher nature.’

‘I,’ said the curate, ‘think the belief in God a degrading superstition; I think every one an imbecile who believes a

miracle possible. And yet I do not care two straws about the highest good. What you call my lower nature is far the strongest: I mean to follow it to the best of my ability; and I prefer calling it my higher, for the sake of the associations.'

This plunged the Professor in deeper grief than ever. He knew not what to do. He paced up and down the verandah, or about the rooms, and moaned and groaned as if he had a violent toothache. Virginia and the curate asked what was amiss with him. 'I am agonising,' he said, 'for the sake of holy, solemn, unspeakably dignified Humanity.'

The curate, seeing the Professor thus

dejected, by degrees took heart again; and as Virginia still continued her fascinating behaviour to him, he resolved to try and prove to her that, the test of morality being happiness, the most moral thing she could do would be to allow him to kiss her. No sooner had he begun to propound these views, than the Professor gave over his groaning, seized the curate by the collar, and dragged him out of the room with a roughness that nearly throttled him.

‘I was but propounding a theory—an opinion,’ gasped the curate. ‘Surely thought is free. You will not persecute me for my opinions?’

‘It is not for your opinions,’ said the

Professor, 'but for the horrible effect they might have. Opinions,' he roared, 'can only be tolerated which have no possible consequences. You may promulgate any of those as much as you like; because to do that would be a self-regarding action.'





CHAPTER XII.

WELL,' said the curate, 'if I may not kiss Virginia, I will drink brandy instead. That will make me happy enough; and then we shall all be radiant.'

He soon put his resolve into practice. He got a bottle of brandy, he sat himself down under a palm-tree, and told the Professor he was going to make an afternoon of it.

‘Foolish man!’ said the Professor; ‘I was never drunk myself, it is true; but I know that to get drunk makes one’s head ache horribly. To get drunk is, therefore, horribly immoral; and therefore I cannot permit it.’

‘Excuse me,’ said the curate; ‘it is a self-regarding action. Nobody’s head will ache but mine; so that is my own look-out. I have been expelled from school, from college, and from my first curacy for drinking. So I know well enough the balance of pains and pleasures.’

Here he pulled out his brandy bottle, and applied his lips to it.

‘Oh, Humanity!’ he exclaimed, ‘how solemn this brandy tastes!’

Matters went on like this for several days. The curate was too much frightened to again approach Virginia. Virginia at last became convinced that he did not care about kissing her. Her vanity was wounded, and she became sullen; and this made the Professor sullen also. In fact, two thirds of Humanity were overcast with gloom. The only happy section of it was the curate, who alternately smoked and drank all day long.

‘The nasty little beast!’ said Virginia to the Professor; ‘he is nearly always drunk. I am beginning quite to like

you, Paul, by comparison with him. Let us turn him out, and not let him live in the cottage.'

'No,' said the Professor; 'for he is one third of Humanity. You do not properly appreciate the solidarity of mankind. His existence, however, I admit is a great difficulty.'

One day at dinner-time, shortly afterwards, Paul came in radiant.

'Oh holy, oh happy event!' he exclaimed; 'all will go right at last.'

Virginia inquired anxiously what had happened, and Paul informed her that the curate, who had got more drunk than usual that afternoon, had fallen over a cliff, and been dashed to pieces.

'What event,' he asked, 'could be more charming—more unspeakably holy? It bears about it every mark of sanctity. It is for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Come,' he continued, 'let you and me together, purged of sin, and purged of sorrow as we are—let us begin our love-feast. Let us each seek the happiness of the other. Let us instantly be sublime and happy.'





CHAPTER XIII.

THE supreme moment is come,' said Paul solemnly, as they sat down to dinner. 'Let us prepare ourselves for realising to the full the essential dignity of Humanity—that *grand être*, which has come, in the course of progress, to consist of you and me. Virginia, consider this. Every condition of happiness that modern thinkers have dreamed of is now fulfilled. We have but to seek each the happiness of the

other, and we shall both be in a solemn, a significant, and unspeakable state of rapture. See, here is an exquisite leg of mutton. I,' said Paul, who liked the fat best, 'will give up all the fat to you.'

'And I,' said Virginia, resignedly, 'will give up all the lean to you.'

A few mouthfuls made Virginia feel sick. 'I confess,' said she, 'I can't get on with this fat.'

'I confess,' the Professor answered, 'I don't exactly like this lean.'

'Then let us,' said Virginia, 'be like Jack Sprat and his wife.'

'No,' said the Professor, meditatively, 'that is quite inadmissible. For in that case we should be egoistic hedonists.'

However, for to-day it shall be as you say. I will think of something better to-morrow.'

Next day he and Virginia had a chicken apiece; only Virginia's was put before Paul, and Paul's before Virginia; and they each walked round the table to supply each other with the slightest necessities.

'Ah!' cried Paul, 'this is altruism indeed. I think already I can feel the sublimity beginning.'

Virginia-liked this rather better. But soon she committed the sin of taking for herself the liver of Paul's chicken. As soon as she had eaten the whole of it her conscience began to smite her. She

scious admiration. At last, in a happy moment, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Paul, do let me wax the ends for you.' Paul at first giggled, blushed, and protested, but, as Virginia assured him it would make her happy, he consented. 'Then,' she said, 'you will know that I am happy, and that in return will make you happy also. Ah!' she exclaimed when the operation was over, 'do go and examine yourself in the glass. I declare you look exactly like Jack Barley—Barley-Sugar, as we used to call him,—of the Blues.'

Virginia smiled; suddenly she blushed; the Professor blushed also. To cover the blushes she begged to be allowed to do his hair. 'It will make me so

much happier, Paul,' she said. The Professor again assented, that he might make Virginia happy, and that she might be happy in knowing that he was happy in promoting her happiness. At last the Professor, shy and awkward as he was, was emboldened to offer to do Virginia's hair in return. She allowed him to arrange her fringe, and, as she found he did no great harm to it, she let him repeat the operation as often as he liked.

A week thus passed, full, as the Professor said, of infinite solemnity. 'I admit, Paul,' sighed Virginia, 'that this altruism, as you call it, is very touching. I like it very much. But,' she added,

sinking her voice to a whisper, 'are you quite sure, Paul, that it is perfectly moral?'

'Moral!' echoed the Professor, 'moral! Why, exact thought shows us that it is the very essence of all morality!'





CHAPTER XIV.

MATTERS now went on charmingly. All existence seemed to take a richer colouring, and there was something, Paul said, which, in Professor Tyndall's words, 'gave fulness and tone to it, but which he could neither analyse nor comprehend.' But at last a change came. One morning, whilst Virginia was arranging Paul's moustaches, she was frightened almost into a fit by a sudden

truth for holy truth's sake—is a more solemn pleasure than even frizzling your hair.'

'Oh,' cried Virginia, hysterically, 'I don't care two straws for truth. What on earth is the good of it?'

'It is its own end,' said the Professor. 'It is its own exceeding great reward. I must be off at once in search of it. Good-bye for the present. Seek truth on your own account, and be unspeakably happy also, because you know that I am seeking it.'

The Professor remained away for three days. For the first two of them Virginia was inconsolable. She wandered about mournfully with her head dejected. She

very often sighed ; she very often uttered the name of Paul. At last she surprised herself by exclaiming aloud to the irresponsible solitude, 'Oh, Paul, until you were gone, I never knew how passionately I loved you.' No sooner were these words out of her mouth than she stood still, horror-stricken. 'Alas!' she cried, 'and have I really come to this? I am in a state of deadly sin, and there is no priest here to confess to! Alone, alone I must conquer my forbidden love as I may. But, ah me, what a guilty thing I am!'

As she uttered these words, her eyes fell on a tin box of the Professor's, marked 'Private,' which he always kept carefully locked, and which had before now excited

confessed her sin to Paul, and inquired, with some anxiety, if he thought she would go to hell for it. 'Metaphorically,' said Paul, 'you have already done so. You are punished by the loss of the pleasure you would have had in giving that liver to me, and also by your knowledge of my knowledge of your folly in foregoing the pleasure.'

Virginia was much relieved by this answer; she at once took several more of the Professor's choicest bits, and was happy in the thought that her sins were expiated in the very act of their commission, by the latent pain she felt persuaded they were attended by. Feeling that this was sufficient, she took care

not to add Paul's disapproval to her punishment, so she never told him again.

For a short time this practice of altruism seemed to Virginia to have many advantages. But though the Professor was always exclaiming, 'How significant is human life by the very nature of its constitution!' she very soon found it a trifle dull. Luckily, however, she hit upon a new method of exercising morality, and as the Professor fully admitted, of giving it a yet more solemn significance.

The Professor having by some accident lost his razors, his moustaches had begun to grow profusely, and Virginia had watched them with a deep but half-con-

apparition at the window. It was a hideous hairy figure, perfectly naked but for a band of silver which it wore about its neck. For a moment it did nothing but grin and stare; then, uttering a discordant scream, it flung into Virginia's lap a filthy piece of carrion, and in an instant it had bounded away with an almost miraculous activity.

Virginia shrieked with disgust and terror, and clung to Paul's knees for protection. He, however, in some strange way, seemed unmoved and preoccupied. All at once, to her intense surprise, she saw his face light up with an expression of triumphant eagerness. 'The missing link!' he exclaimed, 'the missing

link at last ! Thank God—I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy—I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control. I must this instant go out and hunt for it. Give me some provisions in a knapsack, for I will not come back till I have caught it.’

This was a fearful blow to Virginia. She fell at Paul’s feet weeping, and besought him in piteous accents that he would not thus abandon her.

‘I must,’ said the Professor solemnly, ‘for I am going in pursuit of Truth. To arrive at Truth is man’s perfect and most rapturous happiness. You must surely know that, even if I have forgotten to tell it to you. To pursue truth—holy

her curiosity. Suddenly she became conscious of a new impulse. 'I will pursue truth!' she exclaimed. 'I will break that box open, and I will see what is inside it. Ah!' she added, as with the aid of the poker she at last wrenched off the padlock. 'Paul may be right, after all. There is more interest in the pursuit of truth than I thought there was.'

The box was full of papers, letters, and diaries, the greater part of which were marked 'Strictly private.' Seeing this, Virginia's appetite for truth became keener than ever. She instantly began her researches. The more she read, the more eager she became; and the more private appeared the nature of

the documents, the more insatiable did her thirst for truth grow. To her extreme surprise, she gathered that the Professor had begun life as a clergyman. There were several photographs of him in his surplice; and a number of devout prayers, apparently composed by himself for his own personal use. This discovery was the result of her labours.

‘Certainly,’ she said, ‘it is one of extreme significance. If Paul was a priest once, he must be a priest now. Orders are indelible—at least in the Church of England I know they are.’



CHAPTER XV.

PAUL came back, to Virginia's extreme relief, without the missing link. But he was still radiant in spite of his failure; for he had discovered, he said, a place where the creature had apparently slept, and he had collected in a card-paper box a large number of its parasites.

'I am glad,' said Virginia, 'that you have not found the missing link: though as to thinking that we really came from

monkeys, of course that is too absurd. Now if you could have brought me a nice monkey, I should really have liked that. The Bishop has promised that I shall have a darling one, if I ever reach him—ah me!—if——Paul,' continued Virginia, in a very solemn voice, after a long pause, 'do you know that whilst you have been away I have been pursuing truth? I rather liked it; and I found it very, very significant.'

'Oh, joy!' exclaimed the Professor. 'Oh, unspeakable radiance! Oh, holy, oh essentially dignified Humanity! it will very soon be perfect! Tell me, Virginia, what truths have you been discovering?'

'One truth about you, Paul,' said

Virginia, very gravely, 'and one truth about me. I burn—oh, I burn to tell them to you!'

The Professor was enraptured to hear that one half of Humanity had been thus studying human nature; and he began asking Virginia if her discoveries belonged to the domain of historical or biological science. Meanwhile Virginia had flung herself on her knees before him, and was exclaiming, in piteous accents—

'By my fault, by my own fault, by my very grievous fault, holy father, I confess to you——'

'Is the woman mad?' cried the Professor, starting up from his seat.

'You are a priest, Paul,' said Virginia; 'that is one of the things I have discovered. I am in a state of deadly sin; that is the other: and I must and will confess to you. Once a priest, always a priest. You cannot get rid of your orders, and you must and shall hear me.'

'I was once in orders, it is true,' said Paul, reluctantly; 'but how did you find out my miserable secret?'

'In my zeal for truth,' said Virginia, 'I broke open your tin box; I read all your letters; I looked at your early photographs; I saw all your beautiful prayers.'

'You broke open my box!' cried

the Professor. 'You read my letters and my private papers! Oh, horrible! oh, immoral! What shall we do if one half of Humanity has no feeling of honour?'

'Oh!' said Virginia, 'it was all for the love of truth—of solemn and holy truth. I sacrificed every other feeling for that. But I have not told you my truth yet; and I am determined you shall hear it, or I must still remain in my sins. Paul, I am a married woman; and I discover, in spite of that, that I have fallen in love with you. My husband, it is true, is far away; and whatever we do, he could never possibly be the wiser. But I am in a state of mortal sin, nevertheless; and I would

give anything in the world if you would only kiss me.'

'Woman!' exclaimed Paul, aghast with fright and horror, 'do you dare to abuse truth, by turning it to such base purposes?'

'Oh, you are so clever,' Virginia went on, 'and when the ends of your moustaches are waxed, you look positively handsome; and I love you so deeply and so tenderly, that I shall certainly go to hell if you do not give me absolution.'

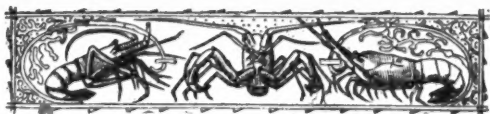
At this the Professor jumped up, and, staring very hard at Virginia, asked her if, after all that he had said on the ship, she really believed in such ex-

ploded fallacies as hell, God, and priestcraft.

She reminded him that he had preached there without a surplice, and that she had therefore not thought it right to listen to a word he said.

‘Ah!’ cried the Professor, with a sigh of intense relief, ‘I see it all now. How can Humanity ever be unspeakably holy so long as one half of it grovels in dreams of an unspeakably holy God? As Mr. Frederic Harrison truly says, a want of faith in “the essential dignity of man is one of the surest marks of the enervating influence of this dream of a celestial glory.”’ The Professor accordingly re-delivered

to Virginia the entire substance of his lectures in the ship. He fully impressed on her that all the intellect of the world was on the side of Humanity; and that God's existence could be disproved with a box of chemicals. He was agreeably surprised at finding her not at all unwilling to be convinced, and extremely unexacting in her demands for proof. In a few days she had not a remnant of superstition left. 'At last!' exclaimed the Professor; 'it has come at last! Unspeakable happiness will surely begin now.'



CHAPTER XVI.

NO one now could possibly be more emancipated than Virginia. She tittered all day long, and whenever the Professor asked her why, she always told him she was thinking of 'an intelligent First Cause,' a conception which she said 'was really quite killing.' But when her first burst of intellectual excitement was over, she became more serious. 'All thought, Paul,' she said, 'is valuable mainly because it

leads to action. Come, my love, my dove, my beauty, and let us kiss each other all daylong. Let us enjoy the charming license which exact thought shows us we shall never be punished for.'

This was a result of freedom that the Professor had never bargained for. He could not understand it, 'because,' he argued, 'if people were to reason in that way, morality would at once cease to be possible.' But he had seen so much of the world lately, that he soon recovered himself, and recollecting that immorality was only ignorance, he began to show Virginia where her error lay—her one remaining error. 'I perceive,' he said, 'that you are ignorant of one

of the greatest triumphs of exact thought—the distinction it has established between the lower and the higher pleasures. Philosophers, who have thought the whole thing over in their studies, have become sure that as soon as the latter are presented to men they will at once leave all and follow them.'

'They must be very nice pleasures,' said Virginia, 'if they would make me leave kissing you for the sake of them.'

'They *are* nice,' said the Professor. 'They are the pleasures of the imagination, the intellect, and the glorious apprehension of truth. Compared with these, kissing me would be quite insipid. Remain here for a moment, whilst I go

to fetch something, and you shall then begin to taste them.'

In a few moments Paul came back again, and found Virginia in a state of intense expectancy.

'Now—,' he exclaimed triumphantly.

'Now—,' exclaimed Virginia, with a beating heart.

The Professor put his hand in his pocket, and drew slowly forth from it an object which Virginia knew well. It reminded her of the most innocent period of her life; but she hated the very sight of it none the less. It was a Colenso's Arithmetic.

'Come,' said the Professor, 'no truths are so pure and necessary as

those of mathematics; you shall at once begin the glorious apprehension of them.'

'Oh, Paul,' cried Virginia, in an agony, 'but I really don't care for truth at all; and you know that when I broke your tin box open and read your private letters in my search for it, you were very angry with me.'

'Ah!' said Paul, holding up his finger, 'but those were not necessary truths. Truths about human action and character are not necessary truths; therefore men of science care nothing about them, and they have no place in scientific systems of ethics. Pure truths are of a very different character; and, however much you may misunderstand your own

inclinations, you can really care for nothing so much as doing a few sums. I will set you some very easy ones to begin with, and you shall do them by yourself, whilst I magnify in the next room the parasites of the missing link.'

Virginia saw that there was no help for it. She did her sums by herself the whole morning, which, as at school she had been very good at arithmetic, was not a hard task for her, and Paul magnified parasites in the next room, and prepared slides for his microscope.

When they met again, Paul began skipping and dancing, as if he had gone quite out of his senses, and every now and then between the skips he gave a

sepulchral groan. Virginia asked him in astonishment what on earth was the matter with him.

‘Matter!’ he exclaimed. ‘Why, Humanity is at last perfect! All the evils of existence are removed; we neither of us believe in a God or a celestial future; and we are both in full enjoyment of the higher pleasures and the apprehension of scientific truth. And therefore I skip because Humanity is so unspeakably happy, and I groan because it is so unspeakably solemn.’

‘Alas! alas!’ cried Virginia, ‘and would not you like to kiss me?’

‘No,’ said the Professor, sternly; ‘and you would not like me to kiss you. It

is impossible that one half of Humanity should prefer the pleasure of unlawful love to the pleasure of finding out scientific truths.'

'But,' pleaded Virginia, 'cannot we enjoy both?'

'No,' said the Professor, 'for if I began to kiss you I should soon not care two straws about the parasites of the missing link.'

'Well,' said Virginia, 'it is nice of you to say that; but still—Ah me! Ah me!'

And her bosom heaved slowly with a soft, long sigh.



CHAPTER XVII.

VIRGINIA was preparing, with a rueful face, to resume her enjoyment of the higher pleasures, when a horrible smell, like that of an open drain, was suddenly blown in through the window.

Virginia stopped her nose with her handkerchief. The Professor's conduct was very different.

‘Oh, rapture!’ he cried, jumping up

from his seat, 'I smell the missing link.' And in another instant he was gone.

'Well,' said Virginia, 'here is one comfort. Whilst Paul is away I shall be relieved from the higher pleasures. Alas!' she cried, as she flung herself down on the sofa, 'he is so nice-looking, and such an enlightened thinker. But it is plain he has never loved, or else very certainly he would love again.'

Paul returned in about a couple of hours, again unsuccessful in his search.

'Ah!' cried Virginia, 'I am so glad you have not caught the creature!'

'Glad!' echoed the Professor, 'glad! Do you know that till I have caught the missing link the cause of glorious truth

will suffer grievously? The missing link is the token of the solemn fact of our origin from inorganic matter. I did but catch one blessed glimpse of him. He had certainly a silver band about his neck. He was about three feet high. He was rolling in a lump of carrion. It is through him that we are related to the stars—the holy, the glorious stars, about which we know so little.’

‘Bother the stars!’ said Virginia; ‘I couldn’t bear, Paul, that anything should come between you and me. I have been thinking of you and longing for you the whole time you have been away.’

‘What!’ cried Paul, ‘and how have

you been able to forego the pleasures of the intellect ?'

'I have deserted them,' cried Virginia, 'for the pleasures of the imagination, which I gathered from you were also very ennobling. And I found they were so ; for I have been imagining that you loved me. Why is the reality less ennobling than the imagination ? Paul, you shall love me ; I will force you to love me. It will make us both so happy : we shall never go to hell for it ; and it cannot possibly cause the slightest scandal.'

The Professor was more bewildered than ever by these appeals. He wondered how Humanity would ever get on

if one half of it cared nothing for pure truth, and persisted in following the vulgar impulses that had been the most distinguishing feature of its benighted past—that is to say, those ages of its existence of which any record has been preserved for us. Luckily, however, Virginia came to his assistance.

‘I think I know, Paul,’ she said, ‘why I do not care as I should do for the intellectual pleasures. We have both been seeking them by ourselves; and we have been therefore egoistic hedonists. It is quite true, as you say, that selfishness is a despicable thing. Let me,’ she went on, sitting down beside him, ‘look through your microscope along with you.

I think perhaps, if we shared the pleasure, the missing link's parasites might have some interest for me.'

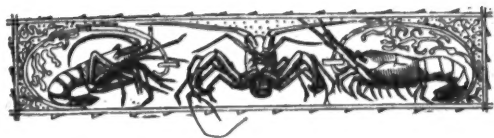
The Professor was overjoyed at this proposal. The two sat down side by side, and tried their best to look simultaneously through the eye-piece of the microscope. Virginia in a moment expressed herself much satisfied. It is true they saw nothing; but their cheeks touched. The Professor too seemed contented, and said they should both be in a state of rapture when they had got the right focus. At last Virginia whispered, with a soft smile—

'Suppose we put that nasty microscope aside; it is only in the way. And

then, oh, Paul; dear love, dove of a Paul! we can kiss each other to our heart's content.'

Paul thought Virginia quite incorrigible, and rushed headlong out of the room.





CHAPTER XVIII.

‘**A**LAS!’ cried Paul, ‘what can be done to convince one half of Humanity that it is really devoted to the higher pleasures and does not care for the lower—at least nothing to speak of?’ The poor man was in a state of dreadful perplexity, and felt well-nigh distracted. At last a light broke in on him. He remembered that as one of his most revered masters, Professor Tyndall, had admitted, a great part of

Humanity would always need a religion, and that Virginia now had none. He at once rushed back to her. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'all is explained now. You cannot be in love with me, for that would be unlawful passion. Unlawful passion is unreasonable, and unreasonable passion would quite upset a system of pure reason, which is what exact thought shows us is soon going to govern the world. No! the emotions that you fancy are directed to me are in reality cosmic emotion—in other words, are the reasonable religion of the future. I must now initiate you in its solemn and unspeakably significant worship.'

'Religion!' exclaimed Virginia, not

knowing whether to laugh or cry. 'It is not kind of you to be making fun of me. There is no God, no soul, and no supernatural order, and above all there is no hell. How then can you talk to me about religion?'

'You,' replied Paul, 'are associating religion with theology, as indeed the world hitherto always has done. But those two things, as Professor Huxley well observes, have absolutely nothing to do with each other. "It may be," says that great teacher, "that the object of a man's religion is an ideal of sensual enjoyment, or——"'

'Ah!' cried Virginia, 'that is my religion, Paul.'

‘Nonsense!’ replied Paul; ‘that cannot be the religion of half Humanity, else high, holy, solemn, awful morality would never be able to stand on its own basis. See, the night has fallen, the glorious moon has arisen, the stupendous stars are sparkling in the firmament. Come down with me to the sea-shore, where we may be face to face with nature, and I will show you then what true religion—what true worship is.’

The two went out together. They stood on the smooth sands, which glittered white and silvery in the dazzling moonlight. All was hushed. The gentle murmur of the trees, and the soft splash of the sea, seemed only to make the

silence audible. The Professor paused close beside Virginia, and took her hand. Virginia liked that, and thought that religion without theology was not perhaps so bad after all. Meanwhile Paul had fixed his eyes on the moon. Then, in a voice almost broken with emotion, he whispered, 'The prayer of the man of science, it has been said, must be for the most part of the silent sort. He who said that was wrong. It need not be silent; it need only be inarticulate. I have discovered an audible and a reasonable liturgy which will give utterance to the full to the religion of exact thought. Let us both join our voices, and let us croon at the moon.'

The Professor at once began a long, low howling. Virginia joined him, until she was out of breath.

‘Oh, Paul,’ she said at last, ‘is this more rational than the Lord’s Prayer?’

‘Yes,’ said the Professor, ‘for we can analyse and comprehend that; but true religious feeling, as Professor Tyndall tells us, we can neither analyse nor comprehend. See how big nature is, and how little—ah, how little!—we know about it. Is it not solemn, and sublime, and awful? Come let us howl again.’

The Professor’s devotional fervour grew every moment. At last he put his hand to his mouth, and began hooting like an owl, till it seemed that all

the island echoed to him. The louder Paul hooted and howled, the more near did he draw to Virginia.

'Ah!' he said, as he put his arm about her waist, 'it is in solemn moments like this that the solidarity of mankind becomes apparent.'

Virginia, during the last few moments, had stuck her fingers in her ears. She now took them out, and, throwing her arms round Paul's neck, tried, with her cheek on his shoulder, to make another little hoot; but the sound her lips formed was much more like a kiss. The power of religion was at last too much for Paul.

'For the sake of cosmic emotion,'

he exclaimed, 'O other half of Humanity, and for the sake of rational religion, both of which are showing themselves under quite a new light to me, I will kiss you.'

The Professor was bending down his face over her, when, as if by magic, he started, stopped, and remained as one petrified. Amidst the sharp silence, there rang a human shout from the rocks.

'Oh!' shrieked Virginia, falling on her knees, 'it is a miracle! it is a miracle! And I know—merciful heavens—I know the meaning of it. God is angry with us for pretending that we do not believe on Him.'

The Professor was as white as a sheet; but he struggled with his perturbation manfully.

'It is not a miracle,' he cried, 'but an hallucination. It is an axiom with exact thinkers that all proofs of the miraculous are hallucinations.'

'See,' shrieked Virginia again, 'they are coming, they are coming. Do not you see them?'

Paul looked, and there sure enough, were two figures, a male and a female, advancing slowly towards them, across the moonlit sand.

'It is nothing,' cried Paul; 'it cannot possibly be anything. I protest, in

the name of science, that it is an optical delusion.'

Suddenly the female figure exclaimed, 'Thank God, it is he!'

In another moment the male figure exclaimed, 'Thank God, it is she!'

'My husband!' gasped Virginia.

'My wife!' replied the bishop, for it was none other than he. 'Welcome to Chasuble Island. By the blessing of God it is on your own home you have been wrecked, and you have been living in the very house that I had intended to prepare for you. Providentially, too, Professor Darnley's wife has called here, in her search for her husband, who has overstayed his time.'

See, my love, my dove, my beauty, here is the monkey I promised you as a pet, which broke loose a few days ago, and which I was in the act of looking for when your joint cries attracted us, and we found you.'

A yell of delight here broke from the Professor. The eyes of the others were turned on him, and he was seen embracing wildly a monkey which the bishop led by a chain. 'The missing link!' he exclaimed, 'the missing link!'

'Nonsense!' cried the sharp tones of a lady with a green gown and grey corkscrew curls. 'It is nothing but a monkey that the good bishop has been

trying to tame for his wife. Don't you see her name engraved on the collar?'

The shrill accents acted like a charm upon Paul. He sprang away from the creature that he had been just caressing. He gazed for a moment on Virginia's lovely form, her exquisite toilette, and her melting eyes. Then he turned wildly to the green gown and the grey corkscrew curls. Sorrow and superstition, he felt, were again invading Humanity. 'Alas!' he exclaimed at last, 'I do now indeed believe in hell.'

'And I,' cried Virginia, with much greater tact, and rushing into the arms of her bishop, 'once more believe in heaven.'

NOTES.

'We now find it (*the earth*) not only swathed by an atmosphere, and covered by a sea, but also crowded with living things. The question is, how were they introduced? . . . The conclusion of science would undoubtedly be, that the molten earth contained within it elements of life, which grouped themselves into their present forms as the planet cooled. The difficulty and reluctance encountered by this conception arise *solely* from the fact that the theologic conception obtained a prior footing in the human mind. . . . Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal and vegetable life from what we call inorganic nature. The conclusion of pure intellect points this way, and no other.' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'Is this egg (*from which the human being springs*) matter? I hold it to be so, as much as the seed of a

fern or of an oak. Nine months go to the making of it into a man. Are the additions made during this period of gestation drawn from matter? I think so, undoubtedly. If there be anything besides matter in the egg, or in the infant subsequently slumbering in the womb, what is it?' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'Matter I define as the mysterious thing by which all this is accomplished.' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'I do not think that the materialist is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions explain everything. In reality, they *explain* nothing.'

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'Who shall exaggerate the deadly influence on personal morality of those theologies which have represented the Deity . . . as a sort of pedantic drill-sergeant of mankind, to whom no valour, no long-tried loyalty, could atone for the misplacement of a button of the uniform, or the misunderstanding of a paragraph of the "regulations and instructions"?'

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

‘(To the Jesuit imagination) God is obviously a large individual, who holds the leading-strings of the universe, and orders its steps from a position outside it all. . . . According to it (*this notion*) the Power whom Goethe does not dare to name, and whom Gassendi and Clark Maxwell present to us under the guise of a manufacturer of atoms, turns out annually, for England and Wales alone, a quarter of a million of new souls. Taken in connection with the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that this annual increment to our population are “mostly fools,” but little profit to the human heart seems derivable from this mode of regarding the divine operations. . . . In the presence of this mystery (*the mystery of life*) the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls, raises the doubt whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution.’

PROFESSOR TYNDALL

‘I look forward, however, to a time when the strength, insight, and elevation which now visit us in mere hints and glimpses, during moments of clearness and vigour, shall be the stable and permanent

possession of purer and mightier minds than ours—
purer and mightier, partly because of their deeper
knowledge of matter, and their more faithful con-
formity to its laws.' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'The world, as it is, is growing daily dimmer be-
fore my eyes. The world, as it is to be, is ever grow-
ing brighter.' HARRIET MARTINEAU.

'... When you and I, like streaks of morning
cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the
past.' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'We, too, turn our thoughts to that which is be-
hind the veil. We strive to pierce its secret with eyes,
we trust, as eager and as fearless, and even, it may
be, more patient in searching for realities behind the
gloom. That which shall come *after* is no less
solemn to us than to you.'

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

'Theological hypotheses of a new and hetero-
geneous existence have deadened our interest in the
realities, the grandeur, and the perpetuity of an
earthly life.' MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

'As we read the calm and humane words of Condorcet, on the very edge of his yawning grave, we learn, from the conviction of posthumous activity (not posthumous fame), how the consciousness of a living incorporation with the glorious future of his race, can give a patience and happiness equal to that of any martyr of theology. . . . Once make it (*i.e.* "this sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows") the basis of philosophy, the standard of right and wrong, and the centre of a religion, and this (*the conversion of the masses*) will prove, perhaps, an easier task than that of teaching Greeks and Romans, Syrians and Moors, to look forward to a life of ceaseless psalmody in an immaterial heaven.'

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

'We make the future life, in the truest sense, social, inasmuch as our future is simply an active existence prolonged by society; and our future life rests not in any vague yearning, of which we have as little evidence as we have definite conception: it rests on a perfectly certain truth . . . that the actions, feelings, thoughts, of each one of us, do marvellously influence and mould each other. . . . Can we con-

ceive a more potent stimulus to rectitude, to daily and hourly striving after a true life, than this ever-present sense that we are indeed immortal; not that we have an immortal something within us—but that in very truth we ourselves, our thinking, feeling, acting personalities, are immortal?’

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘As we *live for others* in life, so we *live in others* after death. . . . How deeply does such a belief as this bring home to each moment of life the mysterious perpetuity of ourselves! For good, for evil, we cannot die. We cannot shake ourselves free from this eternity of our faculties.’ MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘We cannot even say that we shall continue to love; but we know that we shall be loved.’

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘It is only when an earthly future is the fulfilment of a worthy earthly life, that we can see the majesty, as well as the glory, of the world beyond the grave; and then only will it fulfil its moral and religious purpose as the great guide of human conduct.’

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘I am confident that a brighter day is coming for future generations.’ HARRIET MARTINEAU.

‘The humblest life that ever turned a sod sends a wave—no, more than a wave, a life—through the ever-growing harmony of human society.’

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘Not a single nature, in its entirety, but leaves its influence for good or for evil. *As a fact, the good prevail.*’ MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

‘To our friends and loved ones we shall give the most worthy honour and tribute if we never say nor remember that they are dead, but, contrariwise, that they have lived; that hereby the brotherly force and flow of their action and work may be carried over the gulf of death, and made immortal in the true and healthy life which they worthily had and used.’

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

‘It cannot be doubted that the “spiritual body” of this book (*The Unseen Universe*) will be used to support a belief that the dead are subject either to

the *shame and suffering of a Christian Heaven* and Hell, or to the degrading service of a modern witch. From *each* of these *unspeakable profanities* let us hope and endeavour that the memories of great and worthy men may be finally relieved.' PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

'I choose the noble part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaimed, "I covet truth." The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this.'

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'The highest, as it is the only, content is to be attained, not by grovelling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continually striving towards those high peaks, when, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good—"a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."' PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

'If it can be shown by observation and experiment, that theft, murder, and adultery, do not tend to diminish the happiness of society, then, in the absence of any but natural knowledge, they are not social immoralities.' PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

'For my own part, I do not for one moment admit that morality is not strong enough to hold its own.' PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

'I object to the very general use of the terms religion and theology, as if they were synonymous, or *indeed had anything whatever to do with one another.* . . . Religion is an affair of the affections. It may be that the object of a man's religion—the ideal which he worships—is an ideal of sensual enjoyment.'

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

'In his hour of health . . . when the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed with the same awe. It associates him with a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyse nor comprehend.' PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

'He will see what drivellers even men of strenuous intellects may become, though exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras.'

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

‘The two kinds of cosmic emotion run together and become one. The microcosm is viewed only in relation to human action ; nature is presented to the emotions as the guide and teacher of humanity. And the microcosm is viewed only as tending to complete correspondence with the external ; human conduct is subject for reverence only in so far as it is consonant to the demiurgic law, in harmony with the teaching of divine Nature.’ PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

‘The world will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of “spiritualism.”’ PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

‘All positive methods of treating man, of a comprehensive kind, adopt to the full all that has ever been said about the dignity of man’s moral and spiritual life. . . . I do not confine my language to the philosophy or religion of Comte ; for the same conception of man is common to many philosophies and many religions.’ MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

March, 1875.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S *LIST OF BOOKS.*

IMPORTANT VOLUME OF ETCHINGS.

Folio, cloth extra, £1 11s. 6d.

Examples of Contemporary Art.

ETCHINGS from Representative Works by living English and Foreign Artists. Edited, with Critical Notes, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"It would not be easy to meet with a more sumptuous, and at the same time a more tasteful and instructive drawing-room book."—NONCONFORMIST.

Folio, half-bound boards, India proofs, 21s.

William Blake :

ETCHINGS from his Works. By WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
With descriptive Text.

"The best side of Blake's work is given here, and makes a really attractive volume, which all can enjoy . . . The etching is of the best kind, more refined and delicate than the original work."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW VOLUME OF HUNTING SKETCHES.

Oblong 4to, half-bound boards, 21s.

Canterbury in Crampshire.

By G. BOWERS. I. Gallops from Gorseborough. II. Scrambles with Scratch Packs. III. Studies with Stag Hounds.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

Square 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

The Art of Beauty.

By MRS. H. R. HAWKES, Author of "Chaucer for Children."
With nearly One Hundred Illustrations by the Author.

"A most interesting book, full of valuable hints and suggestions. . . . If young ladies would but lend their ears for a little to Mrs. Hawkes, we are quite sure that it would result in their being at once more tasteful, more happy, and more healthy than they now often are, with their false hair, high heels, tight corsets, and ever so much else, of the same sort."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 4to, containing 24 Plates beautifully printed in Colours, with descriptive Text, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. ; illustrated boards, 3s. 6d.

Æsop's Fables

Translated into Human Nature. By C. H. BENNETT.

"For fun and frolic the new version of *Æsop's Fables* must bear away the palm. There are plenty of grown-up children who like to be amused; and if this new version of old stories does not amuse them they must be very dull indeed, and their situation one much to be commiserated."—MORNING POST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 639 Illustrations, 7s. 6d., a New Edition (uniform with "The Englishman's House") of

A Handbook of Architectural Styles.

Translated from the German of A. ROSENGARTEN by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

A History of Advertising,

From the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Biographical Notes of Successful Advertisers.
By HENRY SAMFSON.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimile, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Artemus Ward's Works:

The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait, facsimile of Handwriting, &c.

"The author combines the powers of Thackeray with those of Albert Smith. The tale is rubbed in with a native hand—one which has the gift of tickling."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

As Pretty as Seven,

and other Popular German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illustrations by RICHTER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Handbook of London Bankers;

With some Account of their Predecessors, the Early Goldsmiths ;
together with Lists of Bankers, from 1677 to 1876. By F. G.
HILTON PRICE.

"An interesting and unpretending little work, which may prove a useful contribution towards the history of a difficult subject. Mr. Price's anecdotes are entertaining. . . . There is something fascinating, almost romantic, in the details given us of Child's Bank. . . . There is a great deal of amusing reading and some valuable information in this book."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Bardsley's Our English Surnames:

Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WAREING
BARDSLEY, M.A. Second Edition, revised throughout, considerably enlarged, and partially rewritten.

"Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field."—TIMES.

Demy 8vo, illustrated, 1s. each.

Henry Blackburn's Art Handbooks:***Academy Notes for 1877.***

With 143 Illustrations of the Principal Pictures at Burlington House: more than One Hundred being Facsimiles of Sketches drawn by the Artists.

* * ACADEMY NOTES for 1875 and 1876 may also be had, price One Shilling each.

"We at once take an opportunity of offering our thanks, as well as those of all visitors to the Exhibition, to Mr. Blackburn for his very carefully executed review of the Academy pictures, illustrated by some 100 woodcut memoranda of the principal pictures, almost half of them from the pencils of the painters themselves. A cheaper, prettier, or more convenient souvenir of the Exhibition it would be difficult to conceive and unreasonable to expect."—TIMES.

Pictorial Notes in the National Gallery.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL. With upwards of 100 Illustrations of the principal Pictures at Trafalgar Square; forming a complete Catalogue of the British Section.

The Old Masters at Trafalgar Square.

With numerous Illustrations.

[In the press.]

Pictures at South Kensington.

With 80 Illustrations of the Raphael Cartoons, the Sheepshanks Collection, &c.

Grosvenor Notes, 1878.

With numerous Illustrations, contributed by the Artists themselves.

[In the press.]

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 18s.

Baker's Clouds in the East:

Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turkoman Frontier. By VALENTINE BAKER. With Maps and Illustrations, coloured and plain, from Original Sketches. Second Edition, revised and corrected.

"A man who not only thinks for himself, but who has risked his life in order to gain information. . . . A most graphic and lively narrative of travels and adventures which have nothing of the commonplace about them."—LEEDS MERCURY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Boccaccio's Decameron;

or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with an Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With Portrait, and STOTHARD'S beautiful Copperplates.

Price One Shilling Monthly, with Four Illustrations.

Belgravia Magazine.

That the purpose with which "BELGRAVIA" was originated has been fulfilled, is shown by the popularity that has attended it since its first appearance. Aiming, as may be inferred from its name, at supplying the most refined and cultivated section of London society with intellectual pabulum suited to its requirements, it sprang at once into public favour, and has since remained one of the most extensively read and widely circulated of periodicals. In passing into new hands it has experienced no structural change or modification. Increased energy and increased capital have been employed in elevating it to the highest standard of excellence, but all the features that had won public appreciation have been retained, and the Magazine still seeks its principal support in the homes of Belgravia. As the means through which the writer most readily reaches the heart of the general public, and in consequence as the most important of aids in the establishment of morals and the formation of character, fiction still remains a principal feature in the Magazine. Two Serial Stories accordingly run through its pages; supplemented by short Stories, Novelles, and narrative or dramatic Sketches: whilst Essays, Social, Biographical, and Humorous; Scientific Discoveries brought to the level of popular comprehension, and treated with a light touch; Poetry, of the highest character; and records of Adventure and Travel, form the remaining portion of the contents. Especial care is now bestowed upon the illustrations, of which no fewer than four appear in each number. Beyond the design of illustrating the article they accompany, these aim at maintaining a position as works of art, both as regards drawing and engraving. In short, whatever claims the Magazine before possessed to favour have now been enhanced, and the Publishers can but leave the result to a public that has seldom failed to appreciate all earnest, persistent, and well-directed efforts for its amusement and benefit.

* * The THIRTY-FOURTH Volume of BELGRAVIA (which includes the BELGRAVIA ANNUAL), elegantly bound in crimson cloth, full gilt side and back, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d., is now ready.—Handsome Cases for binding the volume can be had at 2s. each.

THIRD EDITION, crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Boudoir Ballads:

Vers de Société: By J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, price 21s. per volume.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists :

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. In 2 Series.

The FIRST SERIES including Examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, MULREADY, LANDSEER, MACLISE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, LESLIE, ANSDALL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, FAED, EYRE CROWE, GAVIN O'NEIL, and MADDOX BROWN.

The SECOND SERIES containing Pictures by ARMYTAGE, FAED, GOODALL, HEMSLEY, HORSLEY, MARKS, NICHOLLS, Sir NOEL PATON, PICKERSGILL, G. SMITH, MARCUS STONE, SOLOMON, STRAIGHT, E. M. WARD, and WARREN.

All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A.

"This book is well got up, and good engravings by Yeens, Lumb Stocks, and others, bring back to us pictures of Royal Academy Exhibitions of past years."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, with Photographic Portrait, cloth extra, 9s.

Blanchard's (Laman) Poems.

Now first Collected. Edited, with a Life of the Author (including numerous hitherto unpublished Letters from Lord LYTON, LAMB, DICKENS, ROBERT BROWNING, and others), by BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"His humorous verse is much of it admirable—sparkling with genuine esprit, and as polished and pointed as *Præd's*."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Select Works,

in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations.

"Not many months before my friend's death, he had sent me two sketches of a young American writer (Bret Harte), far away in California ('The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' and another), in which he had found such subtle strokes of character as he had not anywhere else in late years discovered; the manner resembling himself, but the matter fresh to a degree that had surprised him; the painting in all respects masterly, and the wild rude thing painted a quite wonderful reality. I have rarely known him more honestly moved."—FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Brand's Observations on Popular Anti-

quities, chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. An entirely New and Revised Edition, with fine full-page Illustrations.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Portraits, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) Martyrs of Science.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Astronomical Plates, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Brillat-Savarin's Gastronomy as a Fine Art; or, The Science of Good Living.

A Translation of the "Physiologie du Goût" of BRILLAT-SAVARIN, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.

"We have read it with rare enjoyment, just as we have delightedly read and re-read quaint old Isaac. Mr. Anderson has done his work of translation daintily, with true appreciation of the points in his original; and altogether, though late, we cannot but believe that this book will be welcomed and much read by many."—NONCONFORMIST.

Demy 8vo, profusely Illustrated in Colours, price 30s.

The British Flora Medica:

A History of the Medicinal Plants of Great Britain. Illustrated by a Figure of each Plant, COLOURED BY HAND. By BENJAMIN H. BARTON, F.L.S., and THOMAS CASTLE, M.D., F.R.S. A New Edition, revised, condensed, and partly re-written, by JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., Curator of the Museums of Economic Botany, Royal Gardens, Kew.

THE STOTHARD BUNYAN.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Edited by Rev. T. SCOTT. With 17 beautiful Steel Plates by STOTHARD, engraved by GOODALL; and numerous Woodcuts.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Byron's Letters and Journals.

With Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, Complete in One thick Volume, with Twelve full-page Plates.

"We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. . . . The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty."—MACAULAY, in the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

Canova's Works in Sculpture and Modelling. 150 Plates, exquisitely engraved in Outline by MOSES, and printed on an India tint. With Descriptions by the Countess ALBRIZZI, a Biographical Memoir by CIOGNARA, and Portrait by WORTHINGTON.

"The fertility of this master's resources is amazing, and the manual labour expended on his works would have worn out many an ordinary workman. The outline engravings are finely executed. The descriptive notes are discriminating, and in the main exact."—SPECTATOR.

Two Vols. imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, the Plates beautifully printed in Colours, £3 3s.

Catlin's Illustrations of the Manners,

Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians: the result of Eight Years of Travel and Adventure among the Wildest and most Remarkable Tribes now existing. Containing 360 Coloured Engravings from the Author's original Paintings.

Small 4to, cloth gilt, with Coloured Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children:

A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWES. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author.

"It must not only take a high place among the Christmas and New Year books of this season, but is also of permanent value as an introduction to the study of Chaucer, whose works, in selections of some kind or other, are now text-books in every school that aspires to give sound instruction in English."—ACADEMY.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations and Maps, 24s.

Cope's History of the Rifle Brigade

(The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th. By Sir WILLIAM H. COPE, formerly Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

"This latest contribution to the history of the British army is a work of the most varied information regarding the distinguished regiment whose life it narrates, and also of facts interesting to the student in military affairs. . . . Great credit is due to Sir W. Cope for the patience and labour, extending over many years, which he has given to the work. . . . In many cases well-executed plans of actions are given."—MORNING POST.

"Even a bare record of a corps which has so often been under fire, and has borne a part in important engagements all over the world, could not prove otherwise than full of matter acceptable to the military reader."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Two very thick Volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECK-ETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Colman's Humorous Works:

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Creasy's Memoirs of Eminent Etonians;

with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir EDWARD CREASY, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." A New Edition, brought down to the Present Time, with 13 Illustrations.

"A new edition of 'Creasy's Etonians' will be welcome. The book was a favourite a quarter of a century ago, and it has maintained its reputation. The value of this new edition is enhanced by the fact that Sir Edward Creasy has added to it several memoirs of Etonians who have died since the first edition appeared. The work is eminently interesting."—SCOTSMAN.

To be Completed in Twenty-four Parts, quarto, at 5s. each, profusely illustrated by Coloured and Plain Plates and Wood Engravings.

Cyclopædia of Costume;

or, A Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military—from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and preceded by a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald.—A Prospectus will be sent upon application. Part XIX. now ready.

"A most readable and interesting work—and it can scarcely be consulted in vain, whether the reader is in search for information as to military, court, ecclesiastical, legal, or professional costume. . . . All the chromo-lithographs, and most of the woodcut illustrations—the latter amounting to several thousands—are very elaborately executed; and the work forms a livre de luxe which renders it equally suited to the library and the ladies' drawing-room."—TIMES.

* * Part XIV. contains the Completion of the DICTIONARY, which, as Vol. I. of the Book, forms a Complete Work in itself. This volume may now be had, handsomely bound in half red morocco, gilt top, price £3 13s. 6d. Cases for binding the volume may also be had, price 5s. each.

The remaining Parts will be occupied by the GENERAL HISTORY OF THE COSTUMES OF EUROPE, arranged Chronologically.

Demy 8vo, half-bound morocco, 21s.

Dibdin's Bibliomania;

or, Book-Madness: A Bibliographical Romance. With numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, with a Supplement, including a Key to the Assumed Characters in the Drama.

Parts I. to XII. now ready, 21s. each.

Cussans' History of Hertfordshire.

By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts.

"Mr. Cussans has, from sources not accessible to Clutterbuck, made most valuable additions to the manorial history of the county from the earliest period downwards, cleared up many doubtful points, and given original details concerning various subjects untouched or imperfectly treated by that writer. The pedigrees seem to have been constructed with great care, and are a valuable addition to the genealogical history of the county. Mr. Cussans appears to have done his work conscientiously, and to have spared neither time, labour, nor expense to render his volumes worthy of ranking in the highest class of County Histories."—ACADEMY.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Doran's Memories of our Great Towns.

With Anecdotic Gleanings concerning their Worthies and their Oddities. By Dr. JOHN DORAN, F.S.A.

SECOND EDITION, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Illustrations, 18s.

Dunraven's The Great Divide:

A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874. By the EARL OF DUNRAVEN. With Maps and numerous striking full-page Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY.

"There has not for a long time appeared a better book of travel than Lord Dunraven's '*The Great Divide*.' . . . The book is full of clever observation, and both narrative and illustrations are thoroughly good."—ATHENÆUM.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 24s.

Dodge's (Colonel) The Hunting Grounds

of the Great West: A Description of the Plains, Game, and Indians of the Great North American Desert. By RICHARD IRVING DODGE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the United States Army. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BLACKMORE; Map, and numerous Illustrations drawn by ERNEST GRISET.

"This magnificent volume is one of the most able and most interesting works which has ever proceeded from an American pen, while its freshness is equal to that of any similar book. Colonel Dodge has chosen a subject of which he is master, and treated it with a fulness that leaves nothing more to be desired, and in a style which is charming equally for its picturesqueness and its purity."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 6s.

Emanuel On Diamonds and Precious

Stones: their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

The Englishman's House:

A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House, with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Third Edition. With nearly 600 Illustrations.

"This book is intended to supply a long-felt want, viz., a plain, non-technical account of every style of house, with the cost and manner of building; it gives every variety, from a workman's cottage to a nobleman's palace."

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume; a few Large Paper copies (only 50 printed), at 12s. per Vol.

Early English Poets.

Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART.

"Mr. Grosart has spent the most laborious and the most enthusiastic care on the perfect restoration and preservation of the text; and it is very unlikely that any other edition of the poet can ever be called for. . . . From Mr. Grosart we always expect and always receive the final results of most patient and competent scholarship."—EXAMINER.

1. *Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.)*

Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. One Vol.

2. *Davies' (Sir John)*

Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. Two Vols.

3. *Herrick's (Robert) Herperides, Noble Numbers, and*

Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes, Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols.

4. *Sidney's (Sir Philip)*

Complete Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Essay on the Poetry of Sidney, and Notes. Three Vols.

5. *Donne's (Dr. John)*

Complete Poetical Works, including the Satires and various from MSS. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes.

[In the press.]

* * * Other volumes are in active preparation.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 6s.

Fairholt's Tobacco:

Its History and Associations; with an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, and its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author.

"A very pleasant and instructive history of tobacco and its associations, which we cordially recommend alike to the votaries and to the enemies of the much-maligned but certainly not neglected weed. . . . Full of interest and information."—DAILY NEWS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle.

Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition.
Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Various Forces of Nature.

A New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Finger-Ring Lore:

Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal.—Earliest Notices; Superstitions; Ring Investiture, Secular and Ecclesiastical; Betrothal and Wedding Rings; Ring-tokens; Memorial and Mortuary Rings; Posy-Rings; Customs and Incidents in Connection with Rings; Remarkable Rings, &c. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. With Hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries.

"Enters fully into the whole subject, and gives an amount of information and general reading in reference thereto which is of very high interest. The book is not only a sort of history of finger-rings, but is a collection of anecdotes in connection with them. . . . The volume is admirably illustrated, and altogether affords an amount of amusement and information which is not otherwise easily accessible."—SCOTSMAN.

"One of those gossiping books which are as full of amusement as of instruction."—ATHENÆUM.

THE RUSKIN GRIMM.—Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.;
gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

German Popular Stories.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series Complete.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, of a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.

One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Gilbert's (W. S.) Original Plays:

"A Wicked World," "Charity," "The Palace of Truth,"
"Pygmalion," "Trial by Jury," &c.

"His workmanship is in its way perfect; it is very sound, very even, very well sustained, and excellently balanced throughout."—OBSERVER.

One Shilling Monthly, Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman.

In seeking to restore the "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" to the position it formerly held, the Publishers do not lose sight of the changed conditions under which it now appears. While maintaining an historical continuity which dates back to the reign of George the Second, there will be no attempt to burden the present with the weight of a distant past, or to adhere slavishly to traditions the application of which is unsuited to the altered conditions of society at the present time. It is sought to render the Magazine to the gentleman of to-day what in earlier times it proved to the gentleman of a past generation. New features will be introduced to take the place of those which disappear; in the most important respects, however, the connecting links between the present and the past will be closest. Biography and History, which have always formed a conspicuous portion of the contents, will retain the prominence assigned them, and will be treated with the added breadth that springs from increased familiarity with authorities and more exact appreciation of the province of the Biographer and the Historian. Science, which confers upon the age special eminence, will have its latest conclusions and forecasts presented in a manner which shall bring them within the grasp of the general reader. The philosophical aspect of Politics, the matters which affect Imperial interests, will be separated from the rivalries of party, and will receive a due share of attention. Archaeology (under which comprehensive head may be included Genealogy, Topography, and other similar matters), Natural History, Sport and Adventure, Poetry, Belles Lettres, Art in all its manifestations, will constitute a portion of the contents; and Essays upon social subjects will, as heretofore, be interspersed. Under the head of Table Talk matters of current interest will be discussed, and facts of historic value will be preserved. A Work of Fiction by some novelist of highest position will run through the pages of the Magazine, and will be illustrated by artists of known excellence. With a full sense of what is involved in their promise, and with a firm resolution to abide by their pledges, the Publishers undertake to spare no exertion that is necessary to secure the highest class of contributions, to place the Magazine in the first rank of serials, and to fit it to take its place on the table and on the shelves of all classes of cultivated Englishmen.

Now ready, the Volume for JULY to DECEMBER, 1877, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.; and Cases for binding, price 2s. each.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 31s. 6d.

Gillray the Caricaturist:

The Story of his Life and Times, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Engravings. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.
With 83 full-page Plates, and numerous Wood Engravings.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with a Map, 3s. 6d.

Gold;

or, Legal Regulations for the Standard of Gold and Silver Ware in the different Countries of the World. Translated from the German of STUHNITZ by MRS. BREWER, and Edited, with additions, by EDWIN W. STREETER.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

The Golden Treasury of Thought:

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR.

Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth extra, 2s. per volume

The Golden Library:

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

The Book of Clerical Anecdotes.

Byron's Don Juan.

Carlyle (Thomas) on the Choice of Books. With a Memoir. 1s. 6d.

Emerson's Letters and Social Aims.

Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. With an Introduction by G. A. SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. With all the original illustrations.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of a Traveller.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of the Alhambra.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of Country Life.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Both Series Complete in One Vol.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER

"A series of excellently printed and carefully annotated volumes, handy in size, and altogether attractive."—BOOKSELLER.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas)

Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D., LL.D.

Pope's Complete Poetical Works.

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE.

St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and the Indian Cottage. Edited, with Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.

Shelley's Early Poems and Queen Mab, with Essay by LEIGH HUNT.

Shelley's Later Poems: Laon and Cythna, &c.

Shelley's Posthumous Poems, the Shelley Papers, &c.

Shelley's Prose Works, including A Refutation of Deism, Zastrozzi, St. Irvyne, &c.

White's Natural History of Selborne. Edited, with additions, by THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S.

Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Gosse's King Erik:

A Tragedy. By EDMUND W. GOSSE. Vignette by W. B. SCOTT.

"We have seldom seen so marked an advance in a second book beyond a first. Its merits are solid and of a very high order."—ACADEMY.

Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

Gosse's On Viol and Flute.

Second Edition. With a Vignette by W. B. SCOTT.

Half-bound, paper boards, 21s.; or elegantly half-bound crimson morocco, gilt, 25s.

The Graphic Portfolio.

Fifty Engravings from "The Graphic," most carefully printed on the finest plate paper (18 in. by 15 in.) from the Original Engravings. The Drawings are by S. L. FILDES, HELEN PATERSON, HUBERT HERKOMER, SYDNEY HALL, E. J. GREGORY, G. D. LESLIE, W. SMALL, G. DU MAURIER, Sir JOHN GILBERT, G. J. PINWELL, CHARLES GREEN, G. DURAND, M. E. EDWARDS, A. B. HOUGHTON, H. S. MARKS, F. W. LAWSON, H. WEIGALL, and others.

"Contains some of the choicest specimens, both of drawing and wood-engraving. Admirable in details and expression, and engraved with rare delicacy."—DAILY NEWS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Low-Life Deeps:

An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there; including "The Man and Dog Fight," with much additional and confirmatory evidence; "With a Tally-Man," "A Fallen Star," "The Betting Barber," "A Coal Marriage," &c. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With Illustrations in tint by ALFRED CONCANEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Wilds of London:

Descriptive Sketches, from Personal Observations and Experience, of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With 12 Tinted Illustrations by ALFRED CONCANEN.

"Mr. James Greenwood presents himself once more in the character of 'one whose delight it is to do his humble endeavour towards exposing and extirpating social abuses and those hole-and-corner evils which afflict society.'"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man:

or, Physical Geography in its Relation to the History of Mankind. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY. 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and a copious Index.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hake's New Symbols :

Poems. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

"The entire book breathes a pure and ennobling influence, shows welcome originality of idea and illustration, and yields the highest proof of imaginative faculty and mature power of expression."—*ATHENÆUM*.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Sketches of Irish

Character. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by DANIEL MACLISE, Sir JOHN GILBERT, W. HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK.

"The Irish Sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English Sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—*BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*.

Three Vols. royal 4to, cloth boards, £6 6s.

Historical Portraits ;

Upwards of 430 Engravings of Rare Prints. Comprising the Collections of RODD, RICHARDSON, CAULFIELD, &c. With Descriptive Text to every Plate, giving a brief outline of the most important Historical and Biographical Facts and Dates connected with each Portrait, and references to original Authorities.

Small 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

The House of Life ;

Human Physiology, with its Applications to the Preservation of Health. For use in Classes, and Popular Reading. With numerous Illustrations. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER.

Two Vols. royal 8vo, with Coloured Frontispieces, cloth extra, £2 5s.

Hope's Costume of the Ancients.

Illustrated in upwards of 320 Outline Engravings, containing Representations of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Habits and Dresses.

"The substance of many expensive works, containing all that may be necessary to give to artists, and even to dramatic performers and to others engaged in classical representations, an idea of ancient costumes sufficiently ample to prevent their offending in their performances by gross and obvious blunders."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. Including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and over Two Hundred original Illustrations.

"Not only does the volume include the better-known poems by the author, but also what is happily described as 'the Cream of the Comic Annals.' Such delicious things as 'Don't you smell Fire!' 'The Parish Revolution,' and 'Huggins and Duggins, will never want readers.'—GRAPHIC.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Photographic Portrait, 6s.

Hood's (Tom) Poems, Humorous and

Pathetic. Edited, with a Memoir, by his Sister, FRANCES FREE-LING BRODERIP.

"There are many poems in the volume which the very best judge might well mistake for his father's work."—STANDARD.

Square crown 8vo, in a handsome and specially-designed binding, gilt edges, 6s.

Hood's (Tom) From Nowhere to the

North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES.

"The amusing letterpress is profusely interspersed with the jingling rhymes which children love and learn so easily. Messrs. Brunton and Barnes do full justice to the writer's meaning, and a pleasanter result of the harmonious co-operation of author and artist could not be desired."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous

Works, including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Hueffer's The Troubadours:

A History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages. By FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Horne's Orion:

An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. Tenth Edition.

"Orion will be admitted, by every man of genius, to be one of the noblest, if not the very noblest, poetical work of the age. Its defects are trivial and conventional, its beauties intrinsic and supreme."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Howell's The Conflicts of Capital and

Labour. Including Chapters on the History of Guilds; Trades Unions; Apprentices; Technical Education; Intimidation and Picketing; Restraints on Trade; Strikes—their Objects, Aims, and Results; Trade Councils; Arbitration; Co-operation; Friendly Societies; the Labour Laws, &c. By GEORGE HOWELL, Author of "A Handy Book of the Labour Laws," late Parliamentary Secretary to the Trades Unions of Great Britain.

Atlas folio, half morocco, gilt, £5 5s.

The Italian Masters:

Autotype Facsimiles of Original Drawings in the British Museum. With Critical and Descriptive Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value."—*PALL MALL GAZETTE*.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Jeux d'Esprit,

Written and Spoken, of the Later Wits and Humourists. Collected and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.

"This thoroughly congenial piece of work . . . Mr. Leigh's claim to praise is threefold: he has performed the duty of taster with care and judgment; he has restored many stolen or strayed bons-mots to their rightful owners; and he has exercised his editorial functions delicately and sparingly."—*DAILY TELEGRAPH*.

Two Vols. 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Josephus's Complete Works.

Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of the Jews," and "The Wars of the Jews."

Small 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 6s.

Kavanaghs' Pearl Fountain,

And other Fairy Stories. By BRIDGET and JULIA KAVANAGH. With Thirty Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH.

"Genuine new fairy stories of the old type, some of them as delightful as the best of Grimm's 'German Popular Stories.' . . For the most part, the stories are downright, thorough-going fairy stories of the most admirable kind. Mr. Moyr Smith's illustrations, too, are admirable. Look at that white rabbit. Anyone would see at the first glance that he is a rabbit with a mind, and a very uncommon mind too—that he is a fairy rabbit, and that he is posing as chief adviser to some one—without reading even a word of the story. Again, notice the fairy-like effect of the little picture of the fairy-bird 'Don't-forget-me,' flying away back into fairy-land. A more perfectly dream-like impression of fairy-land has hardly been given in any illustration of fairy tales within our knowledge."—*SPECTATOR*.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Lamb's Poetry for Children, and Prince

Dorus. Carefully reprinted from unique copies.

"The quaint and delightful little book, over the recovery of which all the hearts of his lovers are yet warm with rejoicing."—MR. SWINBURNE, in the *ATHENÆUM*.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Lamb's Complete Works,

In Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

"A complete edition of Lamb's writings, in prose and verse, has long been wanted, and is now supplied. The editor appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Mary & Charles Lamb:

Their Poems, Letters, and Remains. With Reminiscences and Notes by W. CAREW HAZLITT. With HANCOCK'S Portrait of the Essayist, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the rare First Editions of Lamb's and Coleridge's Works, and numerous Illustrations.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail in interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—STANDARD.

8vo, cloth extra, with Maps and Illustrations, 18s.

Lamont's Yachting in the Arctic Seas;

or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. By JAMES LAMONT, F.R.G.S. With numerous full-page Illustrations by Dr. LIVESAY.

"After wading through numberless volumes of icy fiction, concocted narrative, and spurious biography of Arctic voyagers, it is pleasant to meet with a real and genuine volume. . . . He shows much tact in recounting his adventures, and they are so interspersed with anecdotes and information as to make them anything but wearisome. . . . The book, as a whole, is the most important addition made to our Arctic literature for a long time."—*ATHENÆUM*.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Latter-Day Lyrics:

Poems of Sentiment and Reflection by Living Writers; selected and arranged, with Notes, by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. With a Note "On some Old French Forms of Verse" by AUSTIN DOBSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.

Lee's More Glimpses of the World Unseen.

Edited by the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth; Editor of "The Other World; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Life in London;

or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK's Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Linton's Joshua Davidson,

Christian and Communist. By E. LYNN LINTON. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Complete Prose Works.

Including "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Poetical Works.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

"Mr. Longfellow has for many years been the best known and the most read of American poets; and his popularity is of the right kind, and rightly and fairly won. He has not stooped to catch attention by artifice, nor striven to force it by violence. His works have faced the test of parody and burlesque (which in these days is almost the common lot of writings of any mark), and have come off unharmed."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE FRASER PORTRAITS.—Demy 4to, cloth gilt and gilt edges, with 83 characteristic Portraits, 31s. 6d.

Maclise's Gallery of Illustrious Literary

Characters. With Notes by Dr. MAGINN. Edited, with copious Additional Notes, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A.

"One of the most interesting volumes of this year's literature."—TIMES.

"Deserves a place on every drawing-room table, and may not unfitly be removed from the drawing-room to the library."—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Madre Natura v. The Moloch of Fashion.

By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. FOURTH EDITION, revised and enlarged.

"Agreeably written and amusingly illustrated. Common sense and erudition are brought to bear on the subjects discussed in it."—LANCET.

Handsomely printed in facsimile, price 5s.

Magna Charta.

An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

* * A full Translation, with Notes, on a large sheet, 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Maid of Norway (The).

Translated from the German by Mrs. BIRKBECK. With Pen and Ink Sketches of Norwegian Scenery.

NEW COPYRIGHT WORK BY MARK TWAIN.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

An Idle Excursion, and other Papers.

By MARK TWAIN.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Mark Twain's Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

With One Hundred Illustrations.

"A book to be read. There is a certain freshness and novelty about it, a practically romantic character, so to speak, which will make it very attractive."—SPECTATOR.

* * Also a Popular Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Mark Twain's Choice Works.

Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Mark Twain's Pleasure Trip on the

Continent of Europe. ("The Innocents Abroad," and "The New Pilgrim's Progress.")

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

Marston's (Dr. Westland) Dramatic and Poetical Works. Collected Library Edition.

"The 'Patrician's Daughter' is an oasis in the desert of modern dramatic literature, a real emanation of mind. We do not recollect any modern work in which states of thought are so freely developed, except the 'Torquato Tasso' of Goethe. The play is a work of art in the same sense that a play of Sophocles is a work of art; it is one simple idea in a state of gradual development. 'The Favourite of Fortune' is one of the most important additions to the stock of English prose comedy that has been made during the present century."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Marston's (Philip B.) All in All:

Poems and Sonnets.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Marston's (Philip B.) Song Tide,

And other Poems. Second Edition.

Handsomely half-bound, India Proofs, royal folio, £10; Large Paper copies, Artists' India Proofs, elephant folio, £20.

Modern Art:

A Series of superb Line Engravings, from the Works of Distinguished Painters of the English and Foreign Schools, selected from Galleries and Private Collections in Great Britain. With descriptive Text by JAMES DAFFORNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Muses of Mayfair:

Vers de Société of the Nineteenth Century. Including Selections from TENNYSON, BROWNING, SWINBURNE, ROSSETTI, JEAN INGELOW, LOCKER, INGOLDSBY, HOOD, LYTTON, C. S. C.; LANDOR, AUSTIN DOBSON, &c. Edited by H. C. PENNELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s., a New and Cheaper Edition of

The New Republic;

or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House.
By W. H. MALLOCK.

"The great charm of the book lies in the clever and artistic way the dialogue is managed, and the diverse and various expedients by which, whilst the love of thought on every page is kept at a high pitch, it never loses its realistic aspect. . . . It is giving high praise to a work of this sort to say that it absolutely needs to be taken as a whole, and that disjointed extracts here and there would entirely fail to convey any idea of the artistic unity, the careful and conscientious sequence of what is evidently the brilliant outcome of much patient thought and study. . . . Enough has now been said to recommend these volumes to any reader who desires something above the usual novel, something which will open up lanes of thought in his own mind, and insensibly introduce a higher standard into his daily life. . . . Here is novelty indeed, as well as originality, and to anyone who can appreciate or understand 'The New Republic,' it cannot fail to be a rare treat."—OBSERVER.

* * * The ORIGINAL EDITION, in Two Vols. crown 8vo, 21s., may also be had.

Square 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 9s.

North Italian Folk.

By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. With Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

MOORE'S HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece, 9s.

Prose and Verse—Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental—by THOMAS MOORE. Including Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron. Chiefly from the Author's MSS., and all hitherto Inedited and Uncollected. Edited, with Notes, by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

"Hitherto Thomas Moore has been mostly regarded as one of the lighter writers merely—a sentimental poet par excellence, in whom the 'rapture of love and of wine' determined him strictly to certain modes of sympathy and of utterance, and these to a large extent of a slightly artificial character. This volume will serve to show him in other, and certainly as attractive, aspects, while, at the same time, enabling us to a considerable extent to see how faithfully he developed himself on the poetical or fanciful side. . . . This is a book which claims, as it ought to obtain, various classes of readers, and we trust that the very mixed elements of interest in it may not conflict with its obtaining them. For the lightest reader there is much to enjoy; for the most thoughtful something to ponder over; and the thanks of both are due to editor and publisher alike."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette Portraits, price 6s. per Vol.

The Old Dramatists:

Ben Jonson's Works.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

Chapman's Works.

Now First Collected. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones; Vol. II. the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE; Vol. III. the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works.

Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays.

From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as you List." Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

O'Shaughnessy's (Arthur) An Epic of Women, and other Poems. Second Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

O'Shaughnessy's Lays of France.

(Founded on the "Lays of Marie.") Second Edition.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

O'Shaughnessy's Music and Moonlight:

Poems and Songs.

Crown 8vo, illustrated boards, with numerous Plates, 2s. 6d.

Old Point Lace, and How to Copy and Imitate It. By DAISY WATERHOUSE HAWKINS. With 17 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, carefully printed on creamy paper, and tastefully bound in cloth for the Library, price 6s. each.

The Piccadilly Novels :

Popular Stories by the Best Authors.

Antonina. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and ALFRED CONCANEN.

Basil. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

Hide and Seek. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

The Dead Secret. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and H. FURNISS.

Queen of Hearts. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and A. CONCANEN.

My Miscellanies. By WILKIE COLLINS.

With Steel Portrait, and Illustrations by A. CONCANEN.

The Woman in White. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.

The Moonstone. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

Man and Wife. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.

Poor Miss Finch. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

Miss or Mrs.? By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.

The New Magdalen. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. RANDS.

The Frozen Deep. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.

The Law and the Lady. By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and SYDNEY HALL.

The Two Destinies. By WILKIE COLLINS.

•• Also a POPULAR EDITION of WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVELS, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Felicia. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

With a Frontispiece by W. BOWLES.

"A noble novel. Its teaching is elevated, its story is sympathetic, and the kind of feeling its perusal leaves behind is that more ordinarily derived from music or poetry than from prose fiction. Few works in modern fiction stand as high in our estimation as this."—SUNDAY TIMES.

Olympia. By R. E. FRANCHILLON.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS—continued.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Fated to be Free.

By JEAN INGELow.

The Queen of Connaught.

By HARRIETT JAY.

The Dark Colleen.

By HARRIETT JAY.

"A novel which possesses the rare and valuable quality of novelty. . . . The scenery will be strange to most readers, and in many passages the aspects of Nature are very cleverly described. Moreover, the book is a study of a very curious and interesting state of society. A novel which no novel-reader should miss, and which people who generally shun novels may enjoy."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Patricia Kemball.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

With Frontispiece by G. DU MAURIER.

"Displays genuine humour, as well as keen social observation. Enough graphic portraiture and witty observation to furnish materials for half-a-dozen novels of the ordinary kind."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

With a Frontispiece by HENRY WOODS.

"In her narrowness and her depth, in her boundless loyalty, her self-forgetting passion, that exclusiveness of love which is akin to cruelty, and the fierce humility which is vicarious pride, Leam Dundas is a striking figure. In one quality the authoress has in some measure surpassed herself."—FALL MALL GAZ.

The Waterdale Neighbours.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

My Enemy's Daughter.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Linley Rochford.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Dear Lady Disdain.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The Evil Eye, and other Stories. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

Illustrated by THOMAS R. MACQUOID and PERCY MACQUOID.

"Cameos delicately, if not very minutely or vividly, wrought, and quite finished enough to give a pleasurable sense of artistic ease and facility. A word of commendation is merited by the illustrations."—ACADEMY.

Number Seventeen.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

Oakshott Castle.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

With a Frontispiece by SHIRLEY HODSON.

"A brisk and clear north wind of sentiment—sentiment that braces instead of enervating—blows through all his works, and makes all their readers at once healthier and more glad."—SPECTATOR.

Open! Sesame!

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.

"A story which arouses and sustains the reader's interest to a higher degree than, perhaps, any of its author's former works."—GRAPHIC.

Whiteladies.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

With Illustrations by A. HOPKINS and H. WOODS.

"A pleasant and readable book, written with practical ease and grace."—TIMES.

The Best of Husbands.

By JAMES PAYN.

Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

Fallen Fortunes.

By JAMES PAYN.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.*

Halves.

With a Frontispiece by J. MAHONEY.

By JAMES PAYN.

Walter's Word.

Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

By JAMES PAYN.

What he Cost her.

By JAMES PAYN.

"His novels are always commendable in the sense of art. They also possess another distinct claim to our liking: the girls in them are remarkably charming and true to nature, as most people, we believe, have the good fortune to observe nature represented by girls."—SPECTATOR.

Her Mother's Darling.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

The Way we Live Now.

With Illustrations.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The American Senator.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"Mr. Trollope has a true artist's idea of tone, of colour, of harmony: his pictures are one, and seldom out of drawing; he never strains after effect, is fidelity itself in expressing English life, is never guilty of caricature."—FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By T. A. TROLLOPE.

"Full of life, of interest, of close observation, and sympathy. . . . When Mr. Trollope paints a scene it is sure to be a scene worth painting."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bound to the Wheel.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

One Against the World.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

The Lion in the Path.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

"A carefully written and beautiful story—a story of goodness and truth, which is yet as interesting as though it dealt with the opposite qualities. . . . The author of this really clever story has been at great pains to work out all its details with elaborate conscientiousness, and the result is a very vivid picture of the ways of life and habits of thought of a hundred and fifty years ago. . . . Certainly a very interesting book."—TIMES.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

My Little Girl.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

This Son of Vulcan.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

With Harp and Crown.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

The Golden Butterfly.

By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.

With a Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER.

"'The Golden Butterfly' will certainly add to the happiness of mankind, for defy anybody to read it with a gloomy countenance."—TIMES.

NEW NOVEL BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
Two vols. 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 21s., the SECOND EDITION of
Miss Misanthrope.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," &c.
With 12 Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

"In 'Miss Misanthrope' Mr. McCarthy has added a new and delightful portrait to his gallery of Englishwomen. . . . It is a novel which may be sipped like choice wine; it is one to linger over and ponder; to be enjoyed like fine, sweet air, or good company, for it is pervaded by a perfume of honesty and humour, of high feeling, of kindly penetrating humour, of good sense, and wide knowledge of the world, of a mind richly cultivated and amply stored. There is scarcely a page in these volumes in which we do not find some fine remark or felicitous reflection of piercing, yet gentle and indulgent irony."—DAILY NEWS.

MRS. LINTON'S NEW NOVEL.

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 21s., the SECOND EDITION of
The World Well Lost.

By E. LYNN LINTON, Author of "Patricia Kemball," &c. With
12 Illustrations by HENRY FRENCH and J. LAWSON.

"We are inclined to think that in this novel Mrs. Lynn Linton has reached a higher artistic mark than in any former one."—NONCONFORMIST.

"If Mrs. Linton had not already won a place among our foremost living novelists, she would have been entitled to it by her latest work of fiction—a book of singularly high and varied merit. The story rivets the attention of the reader at the outset, and holds him absorbed until the close."—SCOTSMAN.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "JULIET'S GUARDIAN."
Three Vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Deceivers Ever.

By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

Crown 8vo, red cloth, extra, 3s. each.

Ouida's Novels.—Uniform Edition.

<i>Folle Farine.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Pascarel.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Idalia.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Puck.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Chandos.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Dog of Flanders.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Under Two Flags.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Strathmore.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Tricotrin.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Two Wooden Shoes.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Cecil Castlemaine's</i>		<i>Signa.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Gage.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>In a Winter City.</i>	By OUIDA.
<i>Held in Bondage.</i>	By OUIDA.	<i>Ariadne.</i>	By OUIDA.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. JAMES GRANT.
Shortly, Three Vols., crown 8vo, 3fs. 6d.

The Lord Hermitage.

By JAMES GRANT, Author of "The Romance of War," &c.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Cheap Editions of Popular Novels.

[WILKIE COLLINS' NOVELS may also be had in cloth limp at 2s. 6d. See, too, the PICCADILLY NOVELS, for *Library Editions*.]

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Ready-Money Mortiboy. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.

The Golden Butterfly. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

This Son of Vulcan. By the Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

My Little Girl. By the Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

The Case of Mr. Lucraft. Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

With Harp and Crown. Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

The Woman in White.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Antonina.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Basil.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Hide and Seek.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Dead Secret.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Queen of Hearts.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

My Miscellanies.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Moonstone.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Man and Wife.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Poor Miss Finch.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Miss or Mrs.?

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The New Magdalen.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Frozen Deep.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

The Law and the Lady.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Waterdale Neighbours.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

My Enemy's Daughter.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Linley Rochford.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Dear Lady Disdain.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

An Idle Excursion.

By MARK TWAIN.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe. M. TWAIN.

Oakshott Castle.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

Bound to the Wheel.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

One Against the World.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

The Lion in the Path.

By JOHN and KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

Surly Tim.

By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.

Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. New Edition, with Medallion Portraits.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Poe's Choice Prose and Poetical Works.

With BAUDELAIRE's "Essay."

"Poe stands as much alone among verse-writers as Salvator Rosa among painters."—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 7s. 6d.

The Life of Edgar Allan Poe.

By WILLIAM F. GILL. With numerous Illustrations and Facsimiles.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

The Prince of Argolis :

A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. By J. MOYR SMITH. With 130 Illustrations by the Author.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Proctor's Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Author of "Other Worlds than Ours," &c.

"Mr. Proctor, who is well and widely known for his faculty of popularising the latest results of the science of which he is a master, has brought together in these fascinating chapters a curious collection of popular beliefs concerning divination by the stars, the influences of the moon, the destination of the comets, the constellation figures, and the habitation of other worlds than ours."—DAILY NEWS.

"The reader who begins this charming volume—a dozen chapters to as many instances of erroneous observation or superstitious credulity—will hardly fail to peruse it to the end."—GRAPHIC.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Prometheus the Fire-Giver :

An attempted Restoration of the Lost First Part of the Trilogy of Æschylus.

"Another illustration of that classical revival which is due in no small degree to the influence of Mr. Swinburne. Much really fine writing, and much appreciation of the Æschylean spirit."—HOME NEWS.

"Well written in parts—soft, spirited, and vigorous, according to requirement." ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Facsimile, 12s. 6d.

The Final Reliques of Father Prout.

Collected and Edited, from MSS. supplied by the family of the Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY, by BLANCHARD JERROLD.

In Two Series, small 4to, blue and gold, gilt edges, 6s. each.

Puniana;

or, Thoughts Wise and Other-Why's. A New Collection of Riddles, Conundrums, Jokes, Sells, &c. In Two Series, each containing 3000 of the best Riddles, 10,000 most outrageous Puns, and upwards of Fifty beautifully executed Drawings by the Editor, the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY. Each Series is Complete in itself.

"A witty, droll, and most amusing work, profusely and elegantly illustrated."
—STANDARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

The Pursuivant of Arms;

or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., Somerset Herald. With Coloured Frontispiece, Plates, and 200 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Rabelais' Works.

Faithfully Translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous Characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with numerous Illustrations, and a beautifully executed Chart of the various Spectra, 7s. 6d., a New Edition of

Rambosson's Astronomy.

By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Profusely Illustrated.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Red-Spinner's By Stream and Sea:

A Book for Wanderers and Anglers. By WILLIAM SENIOR (RED-SPINNER).

"Mr. Senior has long been known as an interesting and original essayist. He is a keen observer, a confessed lover of 'the gentle sport,' and combines with a fine picturesque touch a quaint and efficient humour. All these qualities come out in a most attractive manner in this delightful volume. . . . It is pre-eminently a bright and breezy book, full of nature and odd out-of-the-way references. . . . We can conceive of no better book for the holiday tour or the seaside."—NONCONFORMIST.
"Very delightful reading; just the sort of book which an angler or a Rambler will be glad to have in the side pocket of his jacket. Altogether, 'By Stream and Sea' is one of the best books of its kind which we have come across for many a long day."—OXFORD UNIVERSITY HERALD.

Handsomely printed, price 5s.

The Roll of Battle Abbey;

or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two, with the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

In 4to, very handsomely printed, extra gold cloth, 12s.

The Roll of Caerlaverock.

The Oldest Heraldic Roll; including the Original Anglo-Norman Poem, and an English Translation of the MS. in the British Museum. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. The Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Sanson Family:

Seven Generations of Executioners. By HENRI SANSON. Translated from the French, with Introduction, by CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

"A faithful translation of this curious work, which will certainly repay perusal—not on the ground of its being full of horrors, for the original author seems to be rather ashamed of the technical aspect of his profession, and is commendably reticent as to its details, but because it contains a lucid account of the most notable causes célèbres from the time of Louis XIV. to a period within the memory of persons still living. . . . Can scarcely fail to be extremely entertaining."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, profusely Illustrated, 4s. 6d. each.

The "Secret Out" Series.

The Art of Amusing:

A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky:

Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magician's Own Book:

Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magic No Mystery:

Tricks with Cards, Dice, Balls, &c., with fully descriptive Directions; the Art of Secret Writing; the Training of Performing Animals, &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.

The Merry Circle:

A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Many Illustrations.

The Secret Out:

One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Engravings.

NEW VOLUME OF THE "SECRET OUT" SERIES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Plates, 4s. 6d.

The Pyrotechnist's Treasury;

or, Complete Art of Making Fireworks. By THOMAS KENT.

In reduced facsimile, small 8vo, half Roxburghe, 10s. 6d.

The First Folio Shakespeare.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT, 1623.—An exact Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. *A full Prospectus will be sent upon application.*

"To Messrs. Chatto and Windus belongs the merit of having done more to facilitate the critical study of the text of our great dramatist than all the Shakespeare clubs and societies put together. A complete facsimile of the celebrated First Folio edition of 1623 for half-a-guinea is at once a miracle of cheapness and enterprise. Being in a reduced form, the type is necessarily rather diminutive, but it is as distinct as in a genuine copy of the original, and will be found to be as useful and far more handy to the student than the latter."—ATHENÆUM.

Post 8vo, with Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 18s.

The Lansdowne Shakespeare.

Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. With engraved facsimile of DROESHOUT'S Portrait, and 37 beautiful Steel Plates, after STOTHARD.

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

The School of Shakspeare.

Including "The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley," with a New Life of Stucley, from Unpublished Sources; "Nobody and Somebody," "Histriomastix," "The Prodigal Son," "Jack Drum's Entertainment," "A Warning for Fair Women," with Reprints of the Accounts of the Murder; and "Faire Em." Edited, with Introductions and Notes, and an Account of Robert Green and his Quarrels with Shakspeare, by RICHARD SIMPSON, B.A., Author of "The Philosophy of Shakspeare's Sonnets," "The Life of Campion," &c. With an Introduction by F. J. FURNIVALL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Signboards:

Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

"Even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—TIMES.

Exquisitely printed in miniature, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

The Smoker's Text-Book.

By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted
Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sheridan's Complete Works,

with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c.; with a Collection of Sheridaniana.

"The editor has brought together within a manageable compass not only the seven plays by which Sheridan is best known, but a collection also of his poetical pieces which are less familiar to the public, sketches of unfinished dramas, selections from his reported witticisms, and extracts from his principal speeches. To these is prefixed a short but well-written memoir, giving the chief facts in Sheridan's literary and political career; so that, with this volume in his hand, the student may consider himself tolerably well furnished with all that is necessary for a general comprehension of the subject of it."—*PALL MALL GAZETTE*.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

The Slang Dictionary:

Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. An ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged.

"We are glad to see the *Slang Dictionary* reprinted and enlarged. From a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour, and oddity, and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature."—*ACADEMY*.

Crown 4to, uniform with "Chaucer for Children," with Coloured
Illustrations, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Spenser for Children.

By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations in Colours by WALTER J. MORGAN.

"In these transcripts the writer has endeavoured to preserve the thoughts and language of Spenser, while presenting the tales in a simple and continuous form. The work of one of our greatest poets has not been approached in an irreverent spirit, nor with any intention of vulgarizing his fictions by relating them in a familiar and mocking manner—a style too often supposed to be that most attractive to the young."

Imperial 4to, containing 150 beautifully-finished full-page Engravings and Nine Vignettes, all tinted, and some illuminated in gold and colours, half-morocco, £9 9s.

Stothard's Monumental Effigies of Great

Britain. With Historical Description and Introduction by JOHN KEMPE, F.S.A. A NEW EDITION, with a large body of Additional Notes by JOHN HEWITT.

* * A few Large Paper copies, royal folio, with the arms illuminated in gold and colours, and the plates very carefully finished in body-colours, heightened with gold in the very finest style, half-morocco, £15 15s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Stedman's Victorian Poets:

Critical Essays. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"We ought to be thankful to those who do critical work with competent skill and understanding, with honesty of purpose, and with diligence and thoroughness of execution. And Mr. Stedman, having chosen to work in this line, deserves the thanks of English scholars by these qualities and by something more; . . . he is faithful, studious, and discerning."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Large 8vo, half-Roxburghe, with Illustrations, price 9s.

Stow's Survey of London.

Edited by W. J. THOMS, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Copper-plate Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Swift's Choice Works,

in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

"The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in my apprehension, the masterpiece of Swift; certainly Rabelais has nothing superior, even in invention, nor anything so condensed, so pointed, so full of real meaning, of biting satire, of felicitous analogy. The 'Battle of the Books' is such an improvement on the similar combat in the *Lutrin*, that we can hardly own it as an imitation."—HALLAM.

"Swift's reputation as a poet has been in a manner obscured by the greater splendour, by the natural force and inventive genius, of his prose writings; but, if he had never written either the 'Tale of a Tub' or 'Gulliver's Travels,' his name merely as a poet would have come down to us, and have gone down to posterity, with well-earned honours."—HAZLITT.

Mr. Swinburne's Works:**The Queen Mother and**

Rosamond. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Atalanta in Calydon.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard.

A Tragedy. Fcap. 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads.

Fcap. 8vo, 9s.

Notes on "Poems and Ballads." 8vo, 1s.**William Blake:**

A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Songs before Sunrise.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell:

A Tragedy. Two Vols. crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

George Chapman:

An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs of Two Nations.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Studies.

Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus:

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade. 8vo, 1s.**A Note on Charlotte Brontë.**

Crown 8vo, 6s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW WORK.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Poems and Ballads. SECOND SERIES.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

* * * Also in fcap. 8vo, at same price, uniform with the FIRST SERIES.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Rossetti's (W. M.) Criticism upon Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the**People of England*; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, Processions, Pageants, and Pompous Spectacles, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WILLIAM HONE.

* * * A few Large Paper Copies, with an extra set of Copperplate Illustrations, carefully Coloured by Hand, from the Originals, 50s.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Dr. Syntax's Three Tours,

in Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll page Illustrations, in Colours, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN.

Large post 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt top, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

Thackerayana:

Notes and Anecdotes Illustrated by a profusion of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his everyday reading. With Hundreds of Wood Engravings and Five Coloured Plates, from Mr. Thackeray's Original Drawings.

"It would have been a real loss to bibliographical literature had copyright difficulties deprived the general public of this very amusing collection. One of Thackeray's habits, from his schoolboy days, was to ornament the margins and blank pages of the books he had in use with caricature illustrations of their contents. This gave special value to the sale of his library, and is almost cause for regret that it could not have been preserved in its integrity. Thackeray's place in literature is eminent enough to have made this an interest to future generations. The anonymous editor has done the best that he could to compensate for the lack of this. It is an admirable addendum, not only to his collected works, but also to any memoir of him that has been, or that is likely to be, written."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

*Thomson's Seasons and Castle of In-**dolence.* With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth boards, 18s.; Large Paper copies
(only 50 printed), 36s.

Cyril Tournneur's Collected Works,

Plays and Poems. Edited, with Critical Introduction and Notes,
by J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

J. M. W. Turner's Life and Correspondence.

Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends
and fellow Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. A New
Edition, considerably Enlarged. With numerous Illustrations
in Colours, facsimiled from Turner's original Drawings.

Taine's History of English Literature.

Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols. small 8vo, 30s.

* * * Also a New and Cheaper Edition, in Two Vols., crown
8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Small 8vo, cloth gilt, with Portrait, 6s.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims.

A Study. By H. A. PAGE, Author of "The Life of Thomas
De Quincey," &c.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE.—"The nature-instinct in Thoreau was so strong
that, as I believe, it may even do something to aid in the interpretation of certain
phenomena of so distant a period as the Middle Age. I see a kind of real likeness
between this so-called 'Stoic' of America, with his unaffected love for the slave, his
wonderful sympathies and attractions for the lower creatures, his simplicities,
and his liking for the labour of the hand, and that St. Francis whose life has
recently been made fresh and real to us by the skilful pen of Mrs. Oliphant. All I
claim for Thoreau is a disinterested and not a one-sided and prejudiced hearing."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' Clubs and Club Life in London.

With Anecdotes of its famous Coffee-houses, Hostelrys, and
Taverns. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' English Eccentrics and Ec-

centricities: Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impos-
tures, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes,
Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN
TIMBS, F.S.A. With nearly 50 Illustrations.

RARE BOOK
ROOM
PR4972
.M5
N4

One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Tom Taylor's Historical Plays.

"Clancarty," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion."

* The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Crown 4to, half-Roxburghe, 12s. 6d.

Vagabondiana :

or, Anecdotes of Mendicant Wanderers through the Streets of London ; with Portraits of the most Remarkable, drawn from the Life by JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. With Introduction by FRANCIS DOUCE, and Descriptive Text. With the Woodcuts and the 32 Plates, from the original Coppers.

Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler ;

or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation : being a Discourse of Rivers, Fishponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON ; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Copperplate Illustrations.

Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in., 2s.

Warrant to Execute Charles I.

An exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals.

Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS., price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Q. of Scots.

An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's Caricature History of the

Georgs. (*The House of Hanover.*) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

Large post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's History of Caricature and of

the Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. Profusely illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.